OVER 100 COMICS IN FULL COLOR

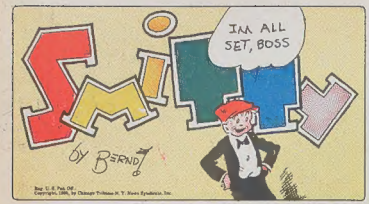
JULY • NO.6

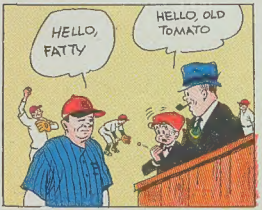
10¢

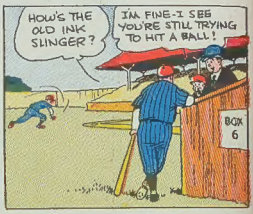
POPULAR COMICS

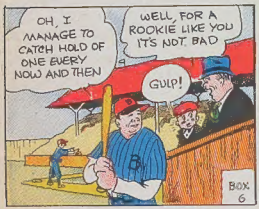
AMERICA'S FAVORITE FUNNIES

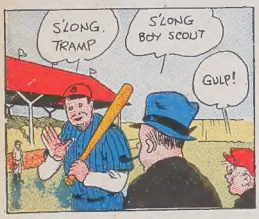
Believe It Or Not • Beck's Cartoons • Ben Webster's Page • Bertie • Bronc Peeler Dick Tracy • Don Dixon • Don Winslow • Gasoline Alley • Ginger • Harold Teen Little Joe • Major Strange • Moon Mullins • Orphan Annie • Reglar Fellers Skippy • Smitty • Smokey • Terry • The Gumps • Tippie • Winnie Winkle Stamp and Puzzle Pages • Magic • And Others

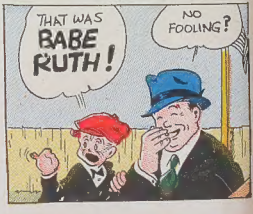




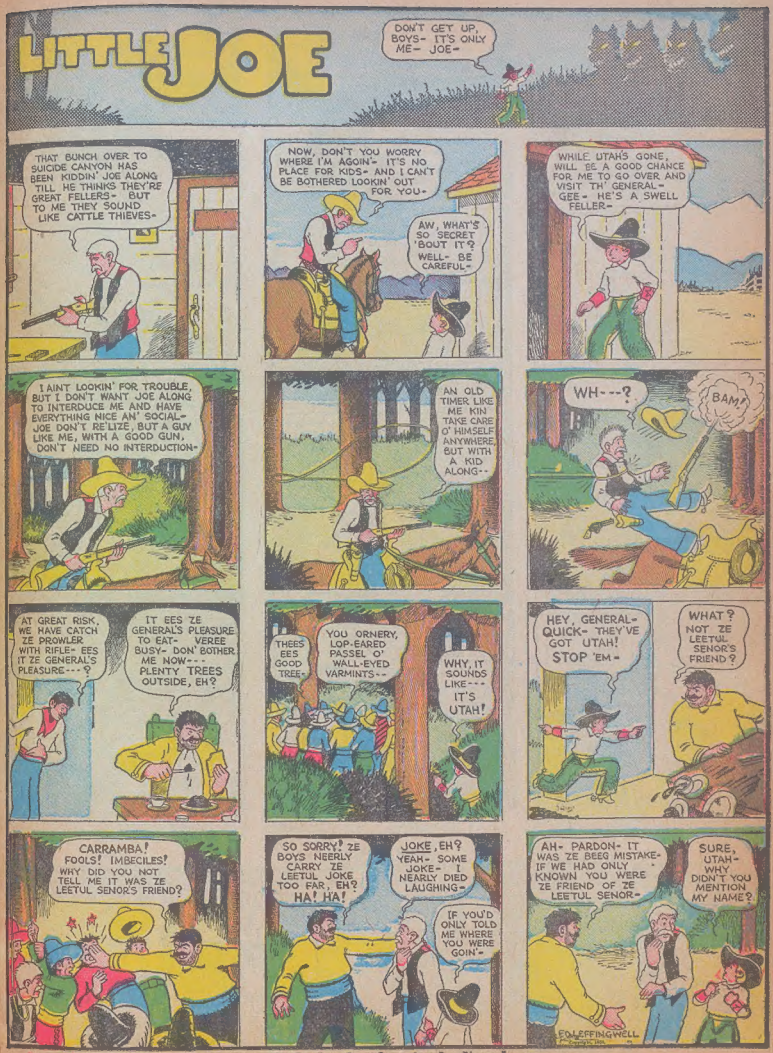








POPULAR COMICS, July, 1936, Vol. 1, No. 6. Published monthly and copyrighted by the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. G. T. Delacorte, Jr., President; H. Meyer, Vice-President; J. Fred Henry, Vice-President, Margarita Delacorte, Secretary. Chicago advertising office, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Application for second class entry pending at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published in the U. S. A. Yearly subscription, $1.20; Canada, $1.20; foreign, $2.40; single copies, 10c in the U. S. A. and Canada; single copies, 15c in foreign countries.


LITTLE JOE
DON'T GET UP, BOYS- IT'S ONLY ME- JOE-
THAT BUNCH OVER TO SUICIDE CANYON HAS BEEN KIDDIN' JOE ALONG TILL HE THINKS THEY'RE GREAT FELLERS- BUT TO ME THEY SOUND LIKE CATTLE THIEVES-
NOW, DON'T YOU WORRY WHERE I'M AGOIN- IT'S NO PLACE FOR KIDS- AND I CAN'T BE BOTHERED LOOKIN' OUT FOR YOU-
AW, WHAT'S SO SECRET 'BOUT IT? WELL- BE CAREFUL-
WHILE UTAH'S GONE, WILL BE A GOOD CHANCE FOR ME TO GO OVER AND VISIT TH' GENERAL- GEE- HE'S A SWELL FELLER-
I AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE, BUT I DON'T WANT JOE ALONG TO INTERDUCE ME AND HAVE EVERYTHING NICE AN' SOCIAL- JOE DON'T RE'LIZE, BUT A GUY LIKE ME, WITH A GOOD GUN, DON'T NEED NO INTERDUCTION-
AN OLD TIMER LIKE ME KIN TAKE CARE O' HIMSELF ANYWHERE, BUT WITH A KID ALONG--
WH---?
BAM!
AT GREAT RISK, WE HAVE CATCH ZE PROWLER WITH RIFLE- EES IT ZE GENERAL'S PLEASURE---?
IT EES ZE GENERAL'S PLEASURE TO EAT- VEREE BUSY- DON' BOTHER ME NOW--- PLENTY TREES OUTSIDE, EH?
THEES EES GOOD TREE-
YOU ORNERY, LOP-EARED PASSEL O' WALL-EYED VARMINTS--
WHY, IT SOUNDS LIKE--- IT'S UTAH!
HEY, GENERAL- QUICK- THEY'VE GOT UTAH! STOP 'EM-
WHAT? NOT ZE LEETUL SENOR'S FRIEND?
CARRAMBA! FOOLS! IMBECILES! WHY DID YOU NOT TELL ME IT WAS ZE LEETUL SENOR'S FRIEND?
SO SORRY! ZE BOYS NEERLY CARRY ZE LEETUL JOKE TOO FAR, EH? HA! HA!
JOKE, EH? YEAH- SOME JOKE- I NEARLY DIED LAUGHING-
IF YOU'D ONLY TOLD ME WHERE YOU WERE GOIN'-
AH- PARDON- IT WAS ZE BEEG MISTAKE- IF WE HAD ONLY KNOWN YOU WERE ZE FRIEND OF ZE LEETUL SENOR-
SURE, UTAH- WHY DIDN'T YOU MENTION MY NAME?
FOLEFINGWELL

Another Little Joe Incident in the Next Issue

Little Orphan Annie

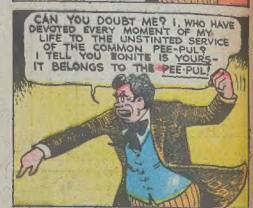
MONSTER MASS MEETING
FOR THE POOR, THE UNFORTUNATE AND THE UNDERPRIVILEGED — HEAR THE HON. CLAUDE CLAPTRAP
ALSO HEAR PETER PAWN - RONALD RENEGADE - PHINEAS PLUNDER AND OTHERS ---

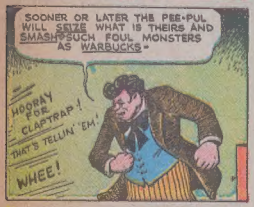
AH, MY FRIENDS - AND WHAT IS THE DEFENSE OF THIS ARCH ENEMY OF SOCIETY -- THIS MONSTER IN HUMAN FORM --- THIS OPPRESSOR OF THE PEE-PUL, OLIVER WARBUCKS? LISTEN TO THIS, MY FRIENDS -

WARBUCKS SAYS HE'S GIVING THE BENEFITS OF EONITE TO THE PEE-PUL, BUT (AND GET THIS) HE IS KEEPING THE SECRET OF EONITE FROM YOU TO PROTECT YOU FROM EXPLOITERS -

HA! HA! HA! HE'S PROTECTING YOU FROM EXPLOITERS - IS IT CONCEIVABLE THAT ONE MAN CAN KNOW MORE ABOUT WHAT IS GOOD FOR YOU PEE-PUL THAN YOU KNOW ABOUT WHAT IS GOOD FOR YOU?

DOES HE SET HIMSELF UP AS MORE OF A FRIEND OF THE PEE-PUL THAN SUCH PATRIOTS AS RONALD RENEGADE, PHINEAS PLUNDER, LESTER LACQUEY, BYRON BUNKUM: AND I HOPE I CAN INCLUDE MYSELF?


CAN YOU DOUBT ME? I, WHO HAVE DEVOTED EVERY MOMENT OF MY LIFE TO THE UNSTINTED SERVICE OF THE COMMON PEE-PUL? I TELL YOU EONITE IS YOURS - IT BELONGS TO THE PEE-PUL!


SOONER OR LATER THE PEE-PUL WILL SEIZE WHAT IS THEIRS AND SMASH SUCH FOUL MONSTERS AS WARBUCKS -
HOORAY FOR CLAPTRAP!
THAT'S TELLIN' 'EM!
WHEE!

GREAT GOING, CLAPTRAP - BUT WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST - WARBUCKS IS MAKING WORK FOR MILLIONS - SOON PEOPLE WILL ALL BE BUSY AND CONTENTED -
DON'T WORRY - WE'LL STOP HIS GAME - WAIT 'TILL YOU SEE WHAT HORATIO HACK HAS TO SHOW YOU -

NEWS STORIES - ARTICLES - BROADSIDES - CARTOONS AND EDITORIALS - "SMASH WARBUCKS" & "TAKE EONITE - IT BELONGS TO YOU" - "CRUSH WARBUCKS, THE MONSTER" BUT IT'S HARD TO PUT OVER -
THAT'S GREAT STUFF - WHY IS IT HARD TO PUT OVER?

THE PRESS REFUSES TO CO-OPERATE - MOST EDITORS REFUSE TO USE MY STUFF - IF ONLY WE COULD FORCE THE PAPERS TO PRINT WHAT WE WRITE -
HA! HA! WE'LL WIN THIS BATTLE WITHOUT THE PRESS -

WHEN WE HAVE EONITE WE'LL DICTATE - THEN THE PAPERS WILL PRINT WHAT WE TELL 'EM TO PRINT OR ELSE - THE RABBLE WILL READ WHAT WE WANT 'EM TO READ -

MEANWHILE, WARBUCKS REFUSES TO BECOME ALARMED -
CLAPTRAP AND HIS CROWD OF IRRESPONSIBLE WINDBAGS - BUILDING FALSE HOPES AND FEEDING THE FIRES OF ENVY AND HATRED AMONG POOR UNFORTUNATES - BUT IT MUST BE CLEAR TO ALL THINKING PEOPLE THAT MY ONLY WISH IS TO GUARD THE WELFARE OF ALL -

Maw Green

SEE? RIGHT THERE IT IS - YOUR NAME -
WHAT? WHO? ME?
IT'S IN SMALL PRINT, BUT IT'S THERE -
RIGHT AFTER MRS GILFINKLE AND AFORE MRS GUSNAGLE -

Be sure to get the next issue on sale everywhere Wednesday, July 1st

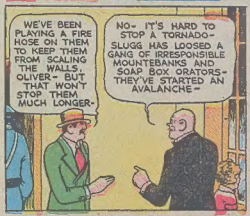
Little Orphan Annie

THE MASSES ARE MARCHING— WE'VE GOT 'EM GOING— WE EVEN GOT HALF A DOZEN SMOOTH TALKERS IN TO THE PLANT TO STIR UP THE WARBUCKS' WORKERS AND BORE FROM WITHIN—
NICE WORK, CLAPTRAP— BUT WAIT— WHAT'S THIS?

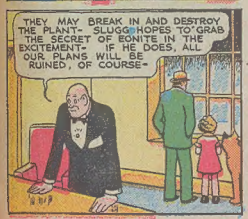
WHY, IT'S THE MEN WE SENT INTO THE PLANT LAST WEEK—
THEM WORKERS WOULDN'T LISTEN TO US—
THEY WAS GETTIN' BIG WAGES—
THEY TARRED AND FEATHERED US—
THEY NEARLY KILLED ME—

LOOK, MY FRIENDS! SEE WHAT THE MONSTERS & SLAVES AND HIRELINGS HAVE DONE TO OUR BROTHERS— SHALL WE SUBMIT TAMELY TO THIS OUTRAGE?
NO!
NO!
NEVER!
TEAR DOWN TH' PLANT—
GET WARBUCKS!

IT LOOKS BAD, MR. WARBUCKS— THEY'RE TRYING TO CRASH THE GATES— THEY'VE TAKEN A FEW SHOTS AT US ALREADY— SHALL WE SPRAY 'EM WITH A LITTLE GAS AND BUCKSHOT?
NO! THOSE POOR SOULS AREN'T TO BLAME— WE MUSTN'T HURT THEM—


WE'VE BEEN PLAYING A FIRE HOSE ON THEM TO KEEP THEM FROM SCALING THE WALLS, OLIVER— BUT THAT WON'T STOP THEM MUCH LONGER—
NO— IT'S HARD TO STOP A TORNADO— SLUGG HAS LOOSED A GANG OF IRRESPONSIBLE MOUNTEBANKS AND SOAP BOX ORATORS— THEY'VE STARTED AN AVALANCHE—

IF ONLY WE COULD PICK OFF THE LEADERS OF THE MOB—
HA! LEADERS! THOSE WHO INCITE MOBS SELDOM LEAD— THEY TALK A GREAT BATTLE, BUT WHEN REAL TROUBLE STARTS IT'S THE POOR, DELUDED DUPES WHO STAY TO FIGHT—


THEY MAY BREAK IN AND DESTROY THE PLANT— SLUGG HOPES TO GRAB THE SECRET OF EONITE IN THE EXCITEMENT— IF HE DOES, ALL OUR PLANS WILL BE RUINED, OF COURSE—

INSTEAD OF HAPPINESS AND PLENTY FOR ALL, THIS MOB WILL BRING DOWN RUIN AND SLAVERY ON THE HUMAN RACE— YOU'D THINK THAT YELLING MOB AT THE GATES WOULD REALIZE THE TRUTH— BUT THEY HAVE LET A FEW DEMAGOGUES DO THEIR THINKING FOR THEM—

BUT, OLIVER— TO SAVE EONITE, AND CIVILIZATION, WOULDN'T IT BE JUSTIFIABLE TO FIRE ON THAT MOB, IF WE HAVE TO?
NO— I'LL NOT SHOOT DOWN INNOCENT MEN— THEY'RE DELUDED— BUT THEY MUST COME TO THEIR SENSES SOON—

Maw Green

Continued on next two pages—and then in next issue

Little Orphan Annie
OH, GREAT SCOTT- THE PEOPLE HAVE GONE STARK CRAZY- THEY REFUSE TO HEED MY WARNINGS-
OH, MR. SLUGG- YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM- THEY HAVE GOTMINED ARMS SOMEWHERE- THEY'RE RUSHING THE EONITE PLANT- THOUSANDS OF THEM- THEY'LL HURT SOMEBODY- THIS IS HORRIBLE-
HA! HA! HA! WHY, YOU SNIVELING WIND BAG- WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?
YOU, CLAPTRAP, AND THE REST OF YOU HALF-BAKED MEDICINE MEN- (PAWN- RENEGADE- PLUNDER- HACK-) YOU'VE DONE YOUR JOB- YOU'VE INFLAMED THE MOB- THE AVALANCHE HAS STARTED "YOU'VE SERVED MY PURPOSE-"
I'M THROUGH WITH YOU- NOW IS THE TIME FOR STRONG MEN TO TAKE CONTROL----- HERE- QUICK, BOYS- GET AHEAD OF THAT MOB- SAVE OLD ELI- BRING HIM AND THAT FORMULA TO ME-
O.K. CHIEF-
SMASH WARBUCKS-
BURN THE PLANT-
EONITE BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE-
NO ONE MAN SHOULD HAVE SO MUCH- IT BELONGS TO US-
COME ON, FOLLOW ME- EONITE IS OURS- LET'S TAKE IT-
WE'LL TAKE WHAT IS OURS-
KILL THE GUARDS-
CRUSH THE MONSTER-
BUT MR. WARBUCKS- THEY'LL UESTROY THE PLANT-
LET THEM- THEY'RE NOT TO BLAME- THEY DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER- THIS BUILDING IS THE FIRST TO BE MADE OF EONITE- WE'RE ALL SAFE HERE- WE CAN REBUILD THE PLANT-
"DADDY'S OLD ELI IS GONE-. HE SLIPPED OUT AND RAN BACK TO HIS LABORATORY- THE MOB WILL GET HIM-
WHAT? ELI? GREAT SCOTT- COME ON, BOYS- WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM-
THEY'RE AT THE LABORATORY- THEY'RE BREAKING DOWN THE DOOR- FASTER, MEN- WE'LL BE TOO LATE-
STAND BACK- ONE MOVE AND I'LL RIDDLE THE LOT OF YOU-
LOOK OUT-
IT'S THE SOLDIERS-
RUN-
ELI- ELI---- OH!
THE TROOPS HAVE COME-
THE MOB IS GONE, BUT THE DAMAGE HAS BEEN DONE-
LOOK AT THAT MOB MELT AWAY- ALL MOBS ARE MADE UP OF COWARDS-
WHAT? DO YOU MEAN ELI IS-- GREAT SCOTT! POOR OLD ELI-
YES- WE WERE TOO LATE-
THE WORK OF IRRESPONSIBLE DEMAGOGUES GUIDED BY CRAFTY KNAVES-
HARRY BOWS

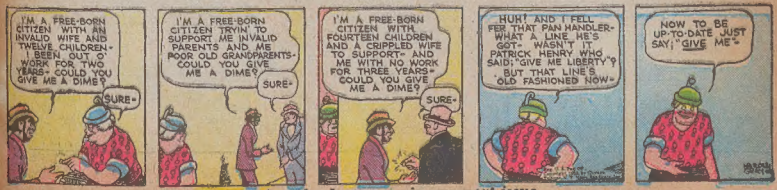
Maw Green

IT'S ME COUSIN KATY- I'D KNOW HER IN A MILLION- HEY! KATY!
HUH! SHE MUSTA GONE DFER-
AH-H! THERE SHE IS- KATY- KA-TY-
HA! ME YELLIN' ME LUNGS OUT AND LOSIN' AFTER YE LIKE A GAZELLE- YE WOULDN'T BE TRYIN' TO SNUB ME, WOULD YE?
ULP!
?

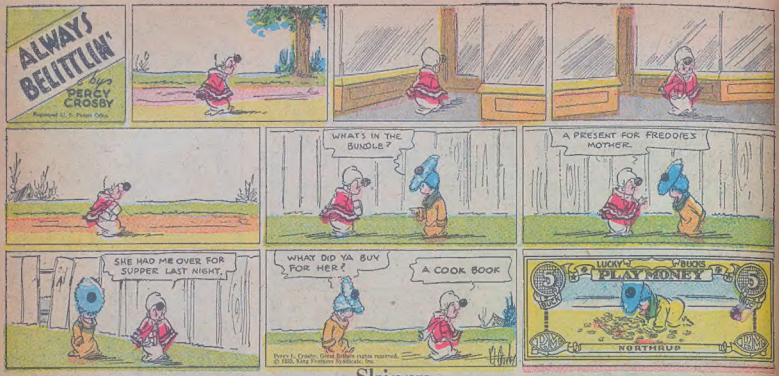
Next issue of Popular Comics on sale everywhere, Wednesday, July 1st

Little Orphan Annie
WHAT A BREAK- AND AFTER ALL MY CAREFUL PLANNING- TO HAVE THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF A CENTURY SLIP THROUGH MY FINGERS-
EON KILLED BY THAT STUPID MOB- HE SECRET OF EONITE LOST FOREVER- BAH+ I MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED IT-
WELL, IF I CAN'T RULE THE WORLD, NO OTHER ONE MAN WILL HAVE THAT POWER- I LOST EONITE, BUT AT LEAST I SMASHED IT FOR OLD BALDY WARBUCKS-
HERE WE SEE THE RUINS OF THE EONITE PLANT, AND THE CITY OF EON-
BECAUSE SLUGG WANTED TO RULE THE WORLD HE WAS WILLING TO SMASH WHAT HE COULDN'T SEIZE- WELL, HE SMASHED EONITE, ALL RIGHT-
YES, AND HE SMASHED FOR MANKIND THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF A CENTURY- FACTORIES THAT HAD BEGUN TO BOOM HAVE CLOSED, THEIR MEN THROWN OUT OF WORK-
THAT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT OF POOR OLD ELI'S SHACK-
POOR OLD EON- NO TELLING WHAT OTHER GREAT DISCOVERIES WOULD HAVE COME FROM HIS GENIUS-
SELFISHNESS AND GREED, AIDED BY STUPID AND VISIONARY RABBLE ROUSERS, INVARIABLY RUIN ALL THEY CAN'T SEIZE- SUCH MEN AS SLUGG ARE DANGEROUS, AND YET THEY ARE PATHETIC-
WHEN MEN REACH OUT TO SEIZE POWER OR PROPERTY THAT IS NOT THEIRS BY RIGHT, THEY ALWAYS DESTROY WHAT THEY REACH FOR BEFORE IT IS IN THEIR GRASP- OR, GRASPING IT, IT TURNS TO ASHES-
AND WHAT OF THE MOUNTEBANKS AND VISIONARIES WHO SERVE SUCH MEN? THE PROFESSIONAL WIND-BAGS---- SH-H--- LISTEN- THERE IS CLAPTRAP- LET'S HEAR WHAT TUNE HE'S SINGING NOW-
THAT GREATEST OF ALL SCIENTISTS- THAT MEEK AND LOWLY INVENTOR, WHOSE NAME WILL GO RINGING DOWN THE CORRIDORS OF TIME- THAT MODEST AND HUMBLE LITTLE MAN, ELI EON- WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN HUMANITY'S GREATEST BENEFACTOR--- DEAD- --- MURDERED!
AND BY WHOM, MY FRIENDS? WHO TOOK HIS INNOCENT LIFE? I'LL TELL YOU WHO- THAT ARCH FIEND, THAT MONSTER, J. GORDON SLUGG- THE GUILT FOR THIS DASTARDLY CRIME IS HIS, AND HIS ALONE-
HE'S RIGHT-
HOORAY FOR CLAPTRAP-
WHY, "DADDY"- A WEEK AGO HE WAS SAYIN' YOU WERE ALL TH BAD THINGS- NOW HE'S TURNED ON SLUGG-
YES, ANNIE- HE'S JUST A WIND-BAG- A TOY BALLOON DODGING ANYWHERE THE BREEZE OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT MAY BLOW-

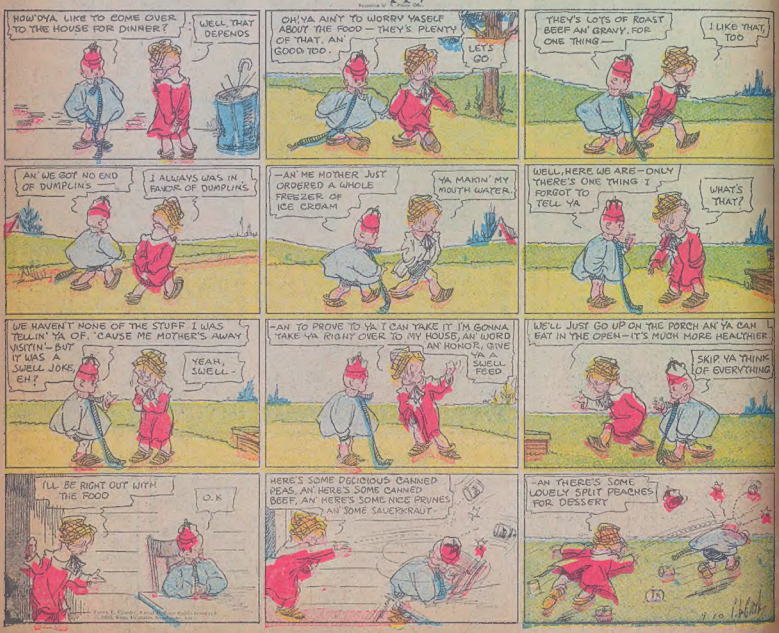
Maw Green


I'M A FREE-BORN CITIZEN WITH AN INVALID WIFE AND TWELVE CHILDREN- I BEEN OUT O' WORK FOR TWO YEARS- COULD YOU GIVE ME A DIME?
SURE-
I'M A FREE-BORN CITIZEN TRYIN' TO SUPPORT ME INVALID PARENTS AND ME POOR OLD GRANDPARENTS- COULD YOU GIVE ME A DIME?
SURE-
I'M A FREE-BORN CITIZEN WITH FOURTEEN CHILDREN AND A CRIPPLED WIFE TO SUPPORT- AND ME WITH NO WORK FOR THREE YEARS- COULD YOU GIVE ME A DIME?
SURE-
HUH? AND I FELL FER THAT PAN HANDLER- WHAT A LINE HE'S GOT- WASN'T IT PATRICK HENRY WHO SAID: "GIVE ME LIBERTY"? BUT THAT LINE'S OLD FASHIONED NOW-
NOW TO BE UP-TO-DATE JUST SAY, "GIVE ME"-

See what else happens—in our next issue


ALWAYS BELITTLIN'
by PERCY CROSBY
Registered U. S. Patent Office
WHAT'S IN THE BUNDLE?
A PRESENT FOR FREDDIE'S MOTHER.
SHE HAD ME OVER FOR SUPPER LAST NIGHT.
WHAT DID YA BUY FOR HER?
A COOK BOOK
LUCKY 7 BUCKS
PLAY MONEY
5
NORTHRUP
Percy L. Crosby. Great Britain rights reserved.
© 1930, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Skippy


HOW'DYA LIKE TO COME OVER TO THE HOUSE FOR DINNER?
WELL, THAT DEPENDS
OH! YA AIN'T TO WORRY YASELF ABOUT THE FOOD — THEY'S PLENTY OF THAT, AN GOOD, TOO.
LET'S GO
THEY'S LOTS OF ROAST BEEF AN' GRAVY, FOR ONE THING —
I LIKE THAT, TOO
AN' WE GOT NO END OF DUMPLINS —
I ALWAYS WAS IN FAVOR OF DUMPLINS
—AN' ME MOTHER JUST ORDERED A WHOLE FREEZER OF ICE CREAM
YA MAKIN' MY MOUTH WATER.
WELL, HERE WE ARE — ONLY THERE'S ONE THING I FORGOT TO TELL YA.
WHAT'S THAT?
WE HAVEN'T NONE OF THE STUFF I WAS TELLIN' YA OF, 'CAUSE ME MOTHER'S AWAY VISITIN' — BUT IT WAS A SWELL JOKE, EH?
YEAH, SWELL.
—AN TO PROVE TO YA I CAN TAKE IT I'M GONNA TAKE YA RIGHT OVER TO MY HOUSE, AN WORD AN' HONOR, GIVE YA A SWELL FEED
WE'LL JUST GO UP ON THE PORCH AN' YA CAN EAT IN THE OPEN — IT'S MUCH MORE HEALTHIER
SKIP YA THINK OF EVERYTHING
I'LL BE RIGHT OUT WITH THE FOOD
O.K
HERE'S SOME DELICIOUS CANNED PEAS, AN' HERE'S SOME CANNED BEEF, AN' HERE'S SOME NICE PRUNES AN' SOME SAUERKRAUT
—AN THERE'S SOME LOVELY SPLIT PEACHES FOR DESSERT
Percy L. Crosby. Great Britain rights reserved.
© 1930, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

DICK TRACY
HERE SHE IS, TRACY- HERE SHE IS!
THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE, TESS - AND ESCAPED THE FIRE- HOW DID YOU DO IT?
IT WAS A MIRACLE! IT WOULDN'T HAPPEN AGAIN IN A THOUSAND YEARS.
DID THIS HORSE HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT?
HE CERTAINLY DID! WHEN THE FIRE BROKE OUT, HE WAS TIED IN A STALL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF A PARTITION BENEATH WHERE I WAS HELD PRISONER.
AS THE FIRE BEGAN TO CRACKLE ABOUT HIM, HE MUST HAVE REARED BACK, IN HIS HALTER WHICH WAS TIED TO THESE UPRIGHTS SUPPORTING THE BOARDS I WAS LAYING ON.
NEXT THING I KNEW, I HEARD BOARDS CRACKING AND SPLINTERING AND FELT MYSELF BEING HURLED BACK HERE WITH THE WRECKAGE ON THE GRASS.
THE FLAMES HAD EVIDENTLY WEAKENED THE STRUCTURE ENOUGH THAT HE WAS ABLE TO PULL A PORTION OF —
HEY TRACY- SOUNDS LIKE PAT'S IN TROUBLE!
MEANWHILE - PAT AND TOBY AROUND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARN...
JOE'S MAKING A BREAK FOR IT!
HALT - YOU! HEY - ARE YOU GOING TO STOP?
I'LL RUN DOWN THROUGH THE LOFT OF THE STABLES, AND OUT THE OTHER END.
COME OUT OF THERE, JOE! THIS PLACE IS GOING UP IN FLAMES. BESIDES..YOU'RE HANDCUFFED!
LET 'IM YELL - THE FOOL! I'LL— WHAT THE—
COMING UNEXPECTEDLY TO AN OPEN PLACE IN THE FLOOR, HIS BODY IS HURLED DOWNWARD. HIS HEAD MEETS SOMETHING HANGING TO THE RAFTER! LEATHER STRAPS! HARNESS! HIS BODY COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP.. SUSPENDED BY THE NECK!!!
TRACY. WE'VE GOT TO GO IN THERE AND GET HIM!
HE'S PROBABLY ESCAPED THROUGH THE OTHER SIDE BY NOW! BESIDES THE PLACE IS A MASS OF FLAMES!

DICK TRACY
WITH BOOKIE JOE OUT OF THE WAY-VICTIM OF THE FIRE WHICH SWEPT THE RACING STABLES-BLAKE, JOE'S PARTNER, IS STILL HELD IN CUSTODY ALONG WITH TOBY TOWNLEY . . .
KEEP THEM IN THIS ROOM, DONOVAN, TILL I CALL YOU.
OKAY, TRACY.
GENTLEMEN, AS PRESIDENT OF THIS BANK, FROM WHICH MARK MASTERS AND THIS TOBY TOWNLEY STOLE MONEY TO PLAY THE RACES, I DEMAND THE PROSECUTION OF THAT WOMAN.
ON THE CONTRARY, MR. BANK PRESIDENT, I RECOMMEND THE RELEASE OF TOBY TOWNLEY. IT WAS NOT SHE WHO STOLE THE BANK FUNDS, BUT YOUR CROOKED TELLER.
BESIDES, SHE SHOWED HER WILLINGNESS TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF BY AIDING IN THE EXTERMINATION OF BOOKIE JOE'S OUTFIT. YOUR TELLER PAID FOR HIS FOLLY WITH HIS LIFE AND YOUR FUNDS HAVE ALL BEEN RESTORED.
MEANWHILE, IN THE NEXT ROOM . . . .
YOU LITTLE RAT! YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU—
I'M GLAD I DID IT! YOU AND YOUR GANG ARE WORSE THAN MURDERERS! I'VE COME TO SEE YOU IN YOUR TRUE LIGHT AT LAST!
SIT DOWN AND PIPE DOWN, YOU TWO, BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER.!
ONE MINUTE LATER, AS THE TRIO IN THE ROOM SIT SILENTLY-BLAKE CASUALLY RAISES HIS LEFT LEG OVER HIS RIGHT . . .
THE GUARD FAILS TO NOTICE BLAKE'S MANACLED HANDS GO TO HIS LEFT FOOT, AND SLOWLY OPEN A SLOT IN THE THICK-SOLED SHOES . . . .
WHAT WAS THAT?
BANG
STOP HER-SHE'S A KILLER. SHE'S GONE MAD! DON'T LET HER KILL ME.!
WHAT HAPPENED?
LOOK.! DONOVAN.!
SHE PUT IT IN HER HAIR.! IT'S IN HER HAIR.! GRAB HER.!
BUT. . . I—I DIDN'T—
A FOUNTAIN PEN GUN.! -SINGLE SHOT. HID IN HER HAIR.!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU, GENTLEMEN.! SHE'S WORSE THAN A THIEF-SHE'S A KILLER.!
LOCK HER UP, PAT.!
BUT I—

Continued on next two pages—and then in next issue

DICK TRACY
ALL RIGHT, YOUNG LADY—NOW TELL US ONCE AGAIN—JUST WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOU AND BLAKE AND OFFICER DONOVAN WERE IN THE ROOM.
WAIVING A JURY TRIAL TOBY TOWNLEY ASKS FOR IMMEDIATE TRIAL BEFORE A JUDGE ON THE SHOOTING OF OFFICER DONOVAN
HOW CAN I SAY ANY MORE THAN I HAVE SAID. .?
BLAKE AND I WERE SITTING THERE—HANDCUFFED AND OFFICER DONOVAN WAS SITTING ACROSS THE ROOM WITH A RIFLE ON HIS LAP.
FINALLY DONOVAN GOT UP, STROLLED TO THE WINDOW AND THEN THERE WAS A SHOT! I WAS SO STARTLED I ALMOST FAINTED. . I FELT MYSELF BEING PUSHED. . AND —
..AND-YOU HID THIS FOUNTAIN PEN GUN IN YOUR HAIR.. AND...
NO! NO! THAT ISN'T TRUE..! NEVER SAW THAT GUN UNTIL DETECTIVE TRACY TOOK IT OUT OF MY HAIR!
ALL RIGHT, BLAKE— TELL YOUR VERSION.
SURE—THAT'S EASY. THIS WOMAN PULLED THAT ROD OUT OF HER HAIR—FIRED THE SHOT, AND PUT IT BACK.
I TRIED TO STOP HER— BUT ON ACCOUNT OF THE BRACELETS ON MY WRISTS— I COULDN'T DO NOTHING BUT SHOVE HER. I WAS TOO LATE.
THE STARTLING POINT, YOUR HONOR IS THAT THE WEAPON HAS NO FINGER-PRINTS ON IT — NEITHER THE GIRL'S NOR BLAKE'S!
CERTAINLY THERE'S NO FINGERPRINTS. I SAW HER WIPE THE GUN WITH HER HAIR. JUST AS SHE PUT IT BACK.
WHY YOU DIRTY FRAMER-YOU-YOU...
GRAB HER... HOLD HER...! I'LL HAVE NO SUCH
STOP! WAIT!
DONOVAN HAS FINALLY REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS—HE'S ABLE TO TALK—THEY JUST PHONED ME!
LOCK THEM UP
WE'LL GET OUT TO DONOVAN'S HE'LL TELL US WHO FIRED THE SHOT!

DICK TRACY
SCENE: THE COUNTY WOMEN'S PRISON . . .
HOW'S SHE DOING, MATRON?
SILENCE
SPLENDIDLY - SHE'S TAKING HER MEDICINE LIKE A GOOD TROOPER.
ALL RIGHT, GIRLS - BACK TO YOUR CELLS FOR A HALF HOUR'S REST BEFORE GETTING TO WORK!
HELLO, TOBY
OH MR TRACY
I'M WORKING ON YOUR CASE - DAY AND NIGHT. IT'S A TOUGH BREAK THAT DONOVAN DIED BEFORE HE COULD TELL US HIS VERSION. KEEP UP YOUR COURAGE.
THANK YOU - YOU'RE MY ONLY HOPE
OH, HELLO SUPERINTENDENT SUMNER. GLAD TO SEE YOU
HOW'RE YOU, TRACY?
THIS YOUNG KID THAT JUST CAME IN HERE I UNDERSTAND THE JUDGE GAVE HER THE LIMIT. WHAT'S THE DOPE?
SHE WAS SENT UP ON A COP-KILLING CHARGE - FRAMED BY A PAL OF 'BOOKS' JOE, IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I THINK.
SHE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A MURDERESS
A KID I FEAR WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO HER AFTER ASSOCIATING WITH THESE HARDENED WOMEN CRIMINALS.
IF SHE'S MADE OF THE RIGHT STUFF IT WON'T AFFECT HER SHE'LL BE GIVEN ALL HELP POSSIBLE HERE
ALL RIGHT, YOUNG LADY, THIS IS THE LAUNDRY. YOU'LL START IN LIKE THEY ALL DO BY SCRUBBING CLOTHES ON THE WASH BOARD
AS YOU MERIT ADVANCEMENT, YOU'LL BE TRANSFERRED TO THE HAND IRONING - THEN THE ELECTRIC MANGLE - THEN THE SEWING ROOM - AND SO ON
WE'RE ALL TREATED ALIKE HERE. THERE ARE NO FAVORITES - NOW GET TO WORK
YES MA'AM
JAWSH, SISTER. YOU BE A NEWCOMER. WHAT'S DEN GOT 'O' N. HEAH FER - POPPIN' YO' HUSBAND ON THE HAID?
NO! NO! I'VE NEVER HAD A HUSBAND!
HAW-WISH I COULD SAY DAT! I SE HAD FIVE O' 'EM - - AND DAT'S HOW MANY TIMES I'SE BEEN IN HEAH! 'AG SUH - BEEN ATTENDIN' DIS PLACE OFT-AN' 'ON FO' EIGHTEEN YEARS
WHY SAY - YOU IS
DAZED-BEWILDERED CRUSHED WITH PAYING FOR A CRIME SHE DIDN'T COMMIT! WHAT WILL BE TOBY'S FUTURE???

See what else happens—in our next issue

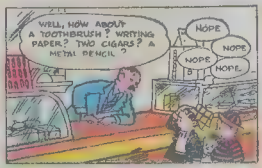
Believe It or Not

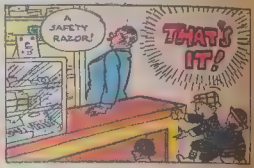
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

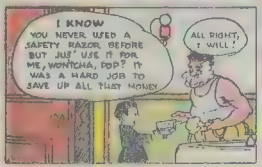
By Robert L. Ripley

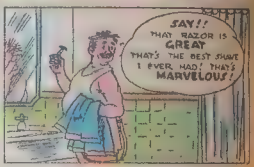
WHAT IS THE MOST POPULAR BOY'S NAME IN THE WORLD?
MOHAMMED!
THE BOWL OF WISDOM
THE SKULL OF CONFUCIUS WAS MADE INTO A DRINKING CUP BY THE CHINESE EMPEROR IN ORDER THAT HE MIGHT DRINK WISDOM AND PIETY FROM IT
THIS CUP IS NOW OWNED BY THE HEARNE FAMILY London
CALF BORN WITHOUT EYES
Owned by ALVA EUBANK La Fontaine, Indiana
A MASS OF FOLIAGE GREW FROM THE CENTER OF A CABBAGE AS IT LAY ON THE FLOOR
Owned by G.G. LEBOFF Baltimore Md.
BATTLING HICKEY
New York Lightweight
REDUCED 100 LBS. IN 7 MONTHS
8-12

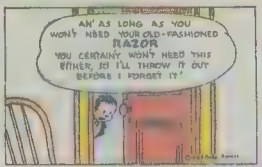
© 1931, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.

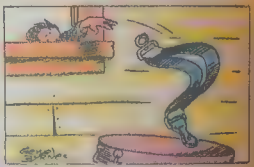





I KNOW YOU NEVER USED A SAFETY RAZOR BEFORE BUT JUS' USE IT FOR ME, WONTCHA, POP? IT WAS A HARD JOB TO SAVE UP ALL THAT MONEY
ALL RIGHT, I WILL!




AN' AS LONG AS YOU WON'T NEED YOUR OLD-FASHIONED RAZOR YOU CERTAINY WON'T NEED THIS EITHER, SO I'LL THROW IT OUT BEFORE I FORGET IT!



Be sure to get the next issue on sale everywhere Wednesday, July 1st

TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by MILTON CANIFF
THIS IS A FINE MESS— KEEPS ORDERIN' PAT TO TAKE HER WALKIN' —AN SHE KNOWS THAT GUY, TONG IS JUS WAITIN TO MURDER OUR PAL!
YELLY INGOOD!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, MISS. YOU KNOW YOUR MEN RESENT OUR BEING HERE AND YET YOU CONTINUE TO FORCE US TO STAY!
I AM THE SUPREME RULER HERE! — IF I CHOOSE TO KEEP YOU PRISONER IT IS MY OWN BUSINESS!
BUT YOUR FOLLOWERS ARE ANGRY BECAUSE YOU HAVE NOT CAPTURED A SHIP SINCE WE CAME HERE! —THIS MAN TONG IS GOING TO LEAD A MUTINY AGAINST YOU—MARK MY WORDS!
YELLY STANGE! —LADIES JUS' WON'T LISTEN TO GOOD ADVISINGS!
LONNIE! SEE THAT FACE AT THE WINDOW? THAT'S OL' TONG WATCHIN PAT AN' TH' DRAGON LADY! — HE'S UP TO SOMETHIN' — SOMP'N AS FATS!
I HEARD HER ORDER ONE O' HER FLUNKIES TO BUILD A FIRE IN THAT BIG ROOM IN TH' TOWER — THAT'S WHERE THEY'RE GOIN'! AN TONG MUST KNOW IT TOO
DISASTER IS AT HAND! —SINISTER WOE! — GOTTA DO RESCUE FOR MIST' PAT!
SIT WITH ME BY THE FIRE, AND EASE YOUR TROUBLED HEART! — SOMETIMES IT IS SO LONELY HERE!
I'M S GANG OF YOURS IS DYNAMITE, I TELL YOU! OH WELL! — NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT PAT RYAN REFUSED THE REQUEST OF A BEAUTIFUL LADY!
HE CANNOT ESCAPE ME THIS TIME! — ONE PLUNGE OF THIS SHARP BLADE AND THE ANNOYING PRESENCE OF THE FOREIGN DOG WILL BE NO MORE
FOR YO OWN GOOD YOU WOULD BETTER ALLOW US TO BE ON OUR WAY!
I WILL RISE AGAIN IN THE DRAGON LADY'S FAVOR WHEN SHE SEES THE MELICAN WRITHING IN BLOOD UPON THIS FLOOR!
DON'T MIND US, FOLKS! — IT'S JUS' YONG, THE BLACK FACE ACROBAT, REHEARSIN HIS ACT! CONNIE AN ME'S HIS STOOGES!
OOOH! OOH!
TERRY! CONNIE! WHAT TH'

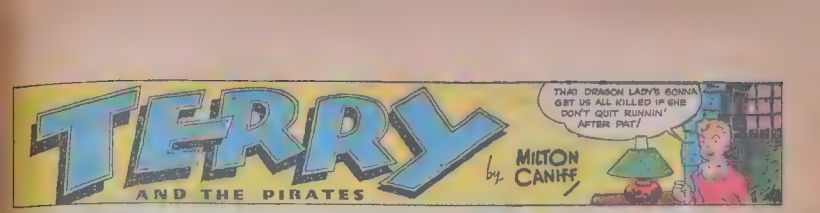
Continued on next two pages—and then in next issue

TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by MILTON CANIFF
MUST TERRY AN' MISS PAT VELLY ANXIOUS TO ESCAPE CLUTCHES OF PIRATES - CONNIE M'S' MAKE BRILLIANT IDEA!
....I TELL YOU, PAT-THE DRAGON LADY'S NO FOOL! - SHE LETS US ROAM ABOUT THE PLACE AT WILL - BUT SHE'S MADE IT CLEAR THAT WE'D BETTER NOT TRY TO ESCAPE! SHE'S GOT SOME PLAN UP HER SLEEVE - BETCHA ANYTHING!
YEAH - SHE DON'T JUST LIKE OUR FACES! - BUT HER MEN ARE GETTING MUTINOUS - AND STILL SHE FORCES US TO STAY!
OF COURSE SHE MIGHT BE AFRAID WE'D REPORT THIS INDIGNITY TO THE GOVERNMENT - HER FIRST LIEUTENANT, TONG, WOULD LIKE TO JUST KILL US AND LET IT GO AT THAT!
WE SAVED HER LIFE ONCE - MAYBE THAT'S WHY SHE'S PROTECTIN' US! - BUT THAT GUY TONG SURE WILL WIPE US OUT IF HE GETS A CHANCE!
THINK! THINK! THINK! - NOW IS B.G. CHANCE FOR CONNIE TO COME TO BAT - BUT ALL CONNIE GOT IS BATS IN BELFRY! - MAYBE IF CONNIE GO TALK TO DRAGON LADY, MAGNETICAL PERSONALITY WILL SWAY HER! - WILL DO!!
GLEETINGS & PROT BORN! - I WISH A JDIENCE WITH DRAGON LADY!
SHE HOLD COURT FOR PRISONERS - YOU GO INSIDE - WAIT TURN, JOHNNY WORM!!
OH BEAUTIFUL FLOWER OF THE FOREST, THIS UNWORTHY PERSON WOULD MAKE TALK BY YOU!
ASIDE, TOOTHY! - I HAVE AFFAIRS OF GREAT IMPORT THAT MUST PRECEDE YOUR BABBLING!
THIS BRASH DESCENDANT OF AN OCTOPUS REQUESTS THAT SINCE HIS RELATIVES CANNOT PAY RANSOM FOR HIS RELEASE, THAT YOU FREE HIM ANYWAY!
THEN HE IS OF NO FURTHER USE TO US! - THROW HIM TO THE SHARKS!
THIS OVERSTUFFED SWINE OF A PRISONER SAYS HIS PORTIONS OF FOOD ARE TOO SMALL, AND ASKS THAT HE BE GIVEN MORE TO EAT!
FETCH ME A BRANDING IRON!
NOW, MY PONDEROUS PORKER WE WILL SEE IF A TOUCH OF THIS ON YOUR TONGUE WON'T ABATE YOUR APPETITE!
YOU! TAKE MY PET TO HIS CAGE AND SEE THAT HE IS FED!
PLEASE! - NOT I, MASTER! - HE BITES AT ME!
SO! - EVIL-EYED SON OF SATAN! - YOU REFUSE TO OBEY MY ORDERS? - FLING THIS DESPICABLE CREATURE INTO THE TIGER'S CAGE - HE SHALL BE THE MAIN COURSE IN MY LITTLE PET'S DINNER TODAY!!
NOW! - HAPLESS HALIBUT - WHAT DO YOU WANT?
OOH! I JUS' COME TO SAY HOW DO - NICE DAY TODAY ALL DAY, THANK YOU, PLEASE!

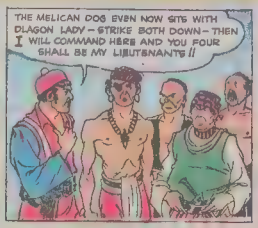
Next issue of Popular Comics on sale everywhere, Wednesday, July 1st

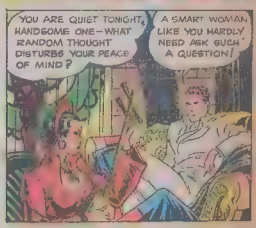
TERRY AND THE PIRATES

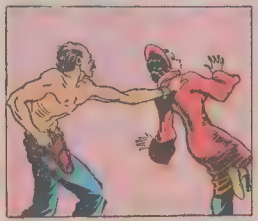
by MILTON CANIFF



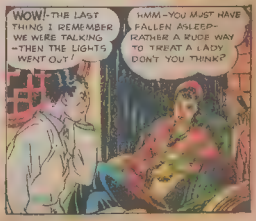
I'M TELLIN' YAH, CONNIE, EVERY TIME TH' DRAGON LADY ORDERS PAT TO HAVE A DATE WITH HER SUMTHIN' TERRIBLE HAPPENS!!
AURA OF EVIL ALWAYS CLINGS ABOUT SAID LADY! BEAUTIFUL AN' WICKED! - BAD COMBINE!


THE MELICAN DOG EVEN NOW SITS WITH DLAGON LADY - STRIKE BOTH DOWN - THEN I WILL COMMAND HERE AND YOU FOUR SHALL BE MY LIEUTENANTS!!


YOU ARE QUIET TONIGHT, HANDSOME ONE - WHAT RANDOM THOUGHT DISTURBS YOUR PEACE OF MIND?
A SMART WOMAN LIKE YOU HARDLY NEED ASK SUCH A QUESTION!



WHAT IS IT, MASTER? -WE HEAR SHOTS COME FAST!
YOU'RE A TRIFLE LATE - BUT YOU MAY CLEAN UP THIS DEBRIS - THROW THESE USELESS SWINE TO THE SHARKS! - HURRY!


WOW! - THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WE WERE TALKING - THEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT!
HMM - YOU MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP - RATHER A RUDE WAY TO TREAT A LADY DON'T YOU THINK?

See what else happens--in our next issue

GASOLINE ALLEY
By Frank King
LOOK, BRICK WOULDN'T SHE MAKE A SWELL PET FOR US?
BOY, WOULDN'T SHE! BUT HOW WE GOIN' TO SMUGGLE HER IN?
I'LL TELL YA,, I'LL GO UP TO THE ROOM AN' LET DOWN A CORD. NUFF SAID?
I GET IT
DON'T YOU CARE, MUSH IT'LL ONLY BE A SHORT RIDE.
?
GOLLY! I HOPE I'M ONE JUMP AHEAD OF HIM.
JIGGERS, SKEEZIX. THE CAPTAIN LOOKED OUT OF HIS WINDOW JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE CAT GOIN' IN OURS.
BRICKLEY AND WALLET— I AM HERE TO INSPECT YOUR ROOM.
YES, SIR.
BOY! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE.
HE SURE WAS GETTIN' WARM
COME ON, MUSH, IT'S TIME TO LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG!

Be sure to get this next issue on sale everywhere Wednesday, July 1st

MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard

MY WORD! WHAT IS THAT NOISE?
ANYBODY THAT WASN'T DEEF AND DUMB WOULD TELL YOU IT'S A CAT— WILL, DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT - I DON'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED WITH THAT NOISE ALL NIGHT
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO, MY DEAR - KILL THE CAT?
NO, SILLY- BUT YOU MIGHT TRY TO TUNE IT
THERE IS NO CAT OUT HERE HUMMM' THAT NOISE SEEMS TO COME FROM WILLIE'S ROOM
NAW- WE AIN'T GOT ANY CAT IN HERE- UNCLE WILLIE'S INVENTIN' A NEW KIND OF A UKULELE WITH ONLY ONE STRING!
WELL, TELL HIM TO INVENT A UKULELE WITH NO STRINGS AND IT WILL SOUND BETTER
HEY! YOU KNOW WHAT UNCLE WILLIE SAID?
NO- WHAT?
GO SEE WHAT THE OLD GENT WANTS NOW, KAYO
KAYO!
IF YOU MEAN THAT FOR UNCLE WILLIE OKAY- BUT IF YOU MEAN IT FOR ME IT'S A INSULT
LEND ME YER UKULELE A MINUTE, UNCLE WILLIE
SURE- I'M GOING TO TAKE A BATH AND GO TO BED
HECK! I MISSED HIM!!
BAM
GEE! DIDJA HEAR THEM NEIGHBORS CONGRATULATIN' ME, UNCLE WILLIE?
FOR BAWLIN' OUT LORD PLUSHBOTTOM?
WELL, PARTLY. BUT MOSTLY FOR BUSTIN' YER UKULELE.

KITTY HIGGINS

WELL OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T ANYBODY TRUST ME AROUND HERE?
SHO, KITTY AH TRUSTS YOU
THEN WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LOCKIN' UP THAT CHOCOLATE CAKE?

WELL, WE'RE JUST READY TO EXPLORE THE STRATOSPHERE! TOO BAD YOU CAN'T GO!
I TRIED TO GET THE PROFESSOR TO TAKE ME FOR A MASCOT INSTEAD OF THAT PIGEON BUT NOTHIN' DOIN'!
SMILIN' JACK
ZACK MOSLEY
IT'S TIME TO START, JACK!
OKAY, PROFESSOR
OFF INTO SPACE, ESCORTED BY CAMERA PLANES, THE GREAT BALLOON SLOWLY RISES AS IF TIMED WITH THE RISING SUN--
GEE SUE, WHAT IF THEIR BALLOON SHOULD BURST WAY UP THERE?
EXPLOSIVE
MIAMI-
MY! WHAT IF THEY'RE BLOWN OUT TO SEA!
EAT YOUR BREAKFAST EDWARD, YOU'LL BE LATE FOR WORK!
-BROADCASTING DIRECT FROM THE GONDOLA OF OUR BALLOON--WE ARE NOW ABOUT 14,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL-
~HOLLYWOOD~
OKLAHOMA OIL FIELD
W.L. EXPECT TO REACH 60,000 BY NOON!-- OUR GREATEST DANGER LIES IN BEING HIT BY LIGHTNING-
DETROIT
OR FALLING METEORS--WAIT! SOMETHING IS WRONG NOW!
GEE! CASEY, DIDJA HEAR THAT?
WE'VE HIT SOME BAD AIR CURRENTS! WE'RE FALLING!
OKAY! PROFESSOR!
JACK! QUICK! HEAVE OUT A BAG OF BALLAST!
HEY! DON'T THROW ME OUT!
SO! EVEN THE STRATOSPHERE ISN'T SAFE FROM SNOW-A WAYS!

REAL MAGIC

TO MYSTIFY YOUR FRIENDS

BY A. W. NUGENT

Floating Sugar.

THE PERFORMER TAKES A LUMP OF SUGAR AND SETS IT VERY CAREFULLY ON THE SURFACE OF A CUP OF TEA OR COFFEE.

THE SUGAR WILL FLOAT UNTIL IT HAS MELTED SLIGHTLY, AFTER WHICH IT WILL SINK

HERE'S THE SECRET: SET A LUMP OF SUGAR ON END IN THE CUP WHICH WILL BE INVISIBLE IN THE COFFEE. THE OTHER LUMP IS SET ON THE FIRST ONE, AND WILL APPEAR TO FLOAT.

TEN

ALICE CLAIMS THAT SIX FROM FIFTEEN LEAVES TEN! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT ARRANGE FIFTEEN TOOTHPICKS AS SHOWN ABOVE AND THEN TAKE AWAY THE SIX INDICATED BY THE DOTTED LINES. YOU WILL THEN HAVE "TEN" LEFT.

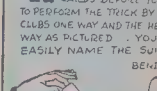
TRY THIS ON YOUR FRIENDS

A. W. NUGENT

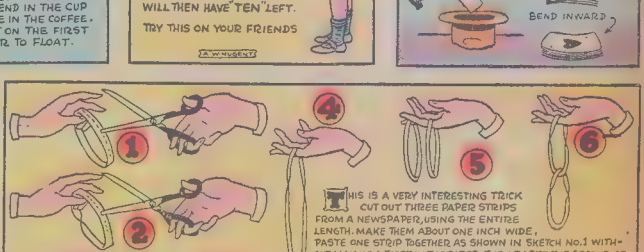
The Magic Touch

PLACE ALL THE CLUBS IN ONE PACKET AND ALL THE HEARTS IN ANOTHER. THEN DROP THEM IN A HAT, FACE DOWN, AND SHAKE THEM TOGETHER. YOU THEN DRAW OUT ONE CARD AT A TIME AND NAME EACH AS A CLUB OR A HEART.

HERE'S THE SECRET. PREPARE THE CARDS BEFORE YOU ARE READY TO PERFORM THE TRICK BY BENDING THE CLUBS ONE WAY AND THE HEARTS ANOTHER WAY AS PICTURED. YOU CAN THEN EASILY NAME THE SUITS.



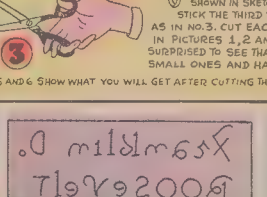
THE THREE MAGIC RINGS. A FASCINATING PAPER TRICK



THIS IS A VERY INTERESTING TRICK. CUT OUT THREE PAPER STRIPS FROM A NEWSPAPER, USING THE ENTIRE LENGTH. MAKE THEM ABOUT ONE INCH WIDE, PASTE ONE STRIP TOGETHER AS SHOWN IN SKETCH NO. 1 WITHOUT MAKING A TWIST IN THE PAPER. THEN PASTE THE SECOND AS SHOWN IN SKETCH NO. 2, MAKING A HALF-TWIST. BEFORE YOU STICK THE THIRD RING TOGETHER GIVE THE PAPER TWO HALF-TWISTS AS IN NO. 3. CUT EACH RING THROUGH THE CENTER AS SHOWN IN PICTURES 1, 2 AND 3 . . . YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE GREATLY SURPRISED TO SEE THAT YOU'LL MAKE ONE LARGE RING, TWO SMALL ONES AND HAVE TWO LINKED TOGETHER.

PICTURES NO. 4, 5 AND 6 SHOW WHAT YOU WILL GET AFTER CUTTING THE THREE ORIGINAL RINGS IN HALF

ARRANGE THREE MATCHES AS SHOWN AT A, NOTCHING THE END OF ONE, PUTTING THE END OF THE SECOND INTO THE NOTCH, AND LEANING THE THIRD AGAINST THE FIRST TWO TO MAKE A PYRAMID. NOW, THE PROBLEM IS TO LIFT THE THREE MATCHES WITH ANOTHER MATCH. LET YOUR FRIENDS TRY IT AND FAIL; THEN TAKE THE MATCH YOURSELF AND PROCEED AS SHOWN AT B, RAISING THE FIRST TWO MATCHES AND ALLOWING THE THIRD TO FALL AGAINST THE MATCH YOU HOLD. WHEN YOU RAISE YOUR MATCH THE OTHERS LOCK AND MAY BE LIFTED EASILY

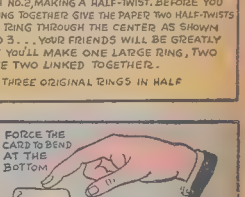


MATCH DON KEES TRICK. NUMBERS TURN TO LETTERS . . . HOLD THE PAPER FACING A MIRROR AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS

CAN YOU READ IT?

A. W. NUGENT

FORCE THE CARD TO BEND AT THE BOTTOM



HERE'S A SIMPLE TRICK THAT WILL AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS. RUB SOAP ON THE OPPOSITE SIDES OF A TAPERING GLASS — INSIDE.

PUSH THE CARD IN MAKING SURE THAT IT TOUCHES THE SOAPED SURFACES WHEN YOU TAKE YOUR FINGERS OFF THE CARD — PRESTO — IT WILL RISE SLOWLY

Lots of More Magic in the August Issue, On Sale July 1st

TAD OF THE TANDARK

BY BOB MOORE AND CARL PFEUFER

UNDER THE BIG TOP BOZANO THE GREAT THRILLS TAD, HIS LITTLE NEPHEW FOR HIS ACT ON THE WIRE

PLEASE UNCLE TONY, LET ME REST A BIT. I'M SO TIRED

COME ON GET ON WITH IT, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU

HAVE YOU SOMETHING TO BE TIRED FOR, YOU LAZY BRAT!

STUPID! ALWAYS IN THE FURRY MENAGERIE YOU HAVE TIME TO WASTE — BUT FOR YOUR WORK, NONE! NOW GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!

PLEASE DON'T HIT ME ANY MORE UNCLE TONY

AND DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU HANGING AROUND THE ANIMALS OR YOU'LL GET MORE OF THE SAME!

EXIT

TO BE CONTINUED

SCISSOR SKETCHES

BY BOB MOORE AND CARL PFEUFER

COLLECT YOUR OWN COMPLETE ZOO!

AFRICAN LION

PASTE PICTURE ON LIGHT CARD-BOARD AND CUT OUT ALONG HEAVY LINE — NEXT WEEK THE ROYAL BENGAL TIGER —

•DON DIXON AND THE HIDDEN EMPIRE

BY BOB MOORE AND CARL PFEUFER •

IN THE WORLD OF NO PATHS THE GREAT INVENTOR, DON DIXON AND HIS PRETTY SECRETARY MATT HAYNES INSPECT THE NEW ROTO-BEYARO, OR AEROSPHERE, REVOLUTIONARY FLYING SHIP

I GUESS YOUR FATHER IS ABOUT THE SMARTEST MAN IN THE WORLD, DON. THIS MACHINE WILL MAKE AN AEROPLANE LOOK SICK - SEE, I'D LIKE TO SEE HOW SHE FLIES.

MAYBE YOU CAN, MATT — AS SOON AS DAD CAN GET AWAY - HE'S PROMISED ME A REAL TRIP IN HER. I'LL GET HIM TO TAKE YOU, TOO

BOYS, WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE HOW THE RADIO-Y SCANLIZER OPERATES? DR. LUBOFF AND I ARE GOING TO MAKE A FINAL TEST

THAT WILL BE SWELL, MR. DIXON

OH DAD, IS IT REALLY PHYSED?

WHILE DR. LUBOFF IS AT THE CONTROLS I TURN THIS KNOB TO THE PROPER WAVE LENGTH NOW WATCH THE SCREEN

GEE, MR. DIXON, THAT'S PARIS. LOOK A THE PEOPLE MOVING ON THE STREET — AND YOU CAN EVEN HEAR THE AUTOS

IT'S LIKE THE MOVIES ONLY BETTER.

CAN THE VISUA-ZER REACH ANY PLACE IN THE WORLD, DAD?

WHATEVER THE WAVE LENGTHS HAPPEN TO CATCH APPEARS ON THE SCREEN. TRY IT YOURSELF AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN GET

WHAT MAKES IT MOVE LIKE THAT?

THAT'S ODD, ISN'T IT, DR. LUBOFF?

WITH THE DIRECTRO MAGNET SWUNG THIS WAY IT MOVES THIS WAY

THE MACHINE TREMBLES WITH BOARDS OF CRACKLING STATIC AND THEN GROWS QUIET AS AN ASTOUNDING SCENE TAKES SHAPE

WAIT! WAIT! LOOK AT IT!

OF WHAT USE THESE TREASURES TO ME, OR YET TO THEE, O DAUGHTER.

ABOUT THEE AND THY SHOULDERS DANGLING BOWS THE GREAT GOD RA HARAKHTI HIS COUNTENANCE

MOST BATHOLOMEW NARY

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! WHAT GOLD! WHAT TREASURE!

THOUGH CEN UN RA MY PEOPLE SLAVE SWEAT IN A QUARRY HERITAGE MAY ENSURE

SO CAN THEY BE!

I WANT NO HERITAGE AND NOT LOVE OF MY PEOPLE

NO YET MY SON HAVE PATIENCE

MAGNIFICIENT! THE MONEY! COLOSSAL!

THAT WAY SWARP MEANS TO HURT HER! I'D LIKE TO WRING HIS NECK

THERE'S A SUDDEN BLINDING FLASH OF FLAME AND SMOKE AND THE PICTURE VANISHES

TO BE CONTINUED

Continued on Next Page—More in Next Issue

TAD OF THE TANBARK

BY BOB MOORE AND CARL PFEUFER

AS USUAL TAD CARRIES HIS TROUBLES TO HIS CLOSTEST FRIENDS ON THE JOB BIG EMMA- LEADER OF THE ELEPHANT HERD-AND SLIM HER TRAINER

OH! I WISH TODAY SO MEAN IT'S NOT EARLY AND I COULD STAY AND PLAY WITH MY PALS- BUT I'VE GOT TO GET MY LESSONS WITH MY MOM

HELLO TAD! I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE- HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SHE'S BEEN PLANNING ALL WEEK NO

I'M GLAD I'M HERE TOO- BUT TIME FLIES WHEN YOU'RE HAVING FUN

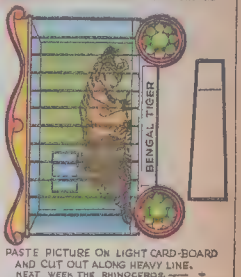
SAY! YOU'S INTER- DUCK- HERE'S MY COMES NOW !

TO BE CONTINUED

SCHOOL SKETCHES

BY BOB MOORE AND CARL PFEUFER

COLLECT YOUR OWN COMPLETE CIRCUS



PASTE PICTURE ON LIGHT CARD-BOARD AND CUT OUT ALONG HEAVY LINE. NEAT WEEN THE RHINOCEROS.

YOU'RE A BORN TRAINER, HE'LL NEVER MAKE A BUST-TRAINER OUT OF YOU

THAT SOUNDS GREAT, SLIM- BUT HE'D NEVER LET ME DO IT!

WELL, DONT GIVE UP HOPE, MAYBE SOMETH'NG MAY HAPPEN TO MAKE OLD BOZO AND CHANGE HIS MIND

DON DIXON AND THE HIDDEN EMPIRE

BY BOB MOORE AND CARL PFEUFER

EXPERIMENTING WITH HIS RADIO TRANSMITTER, DON DIXON'S FATHER MADE CONTACT WITH A STRANGE LAND. JUST AS THE WAVE PICTURES WERE APPEARING CLEARLY AN EXPLOSION DAMAGED THE MACHINE.

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, LUGOFF?

THE THREE MAIN COILS ARE BURNT OUT

GEE, THAT WAS TOUGH LUCK

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN LOCATE THAT PLACE, DAD?

I'LL GO AND TRY IT, SON

IT WILL TAKE WEEKS TO REPAIR

LET ME SEE - 1740 AND 523 - THAT'S ABOUT 5000 MILES - LUGOFF, WHERE ARE THE NEEDLES OF THE DIRECTION-INDICATOR STOPPED?

SOUTH 20-EAST 10

THAT WOULD PLACE IT IN NORTH-WESTERN BRAZIL - BUT THAT'S FANTASTIC

WHAT'S UP? WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND?

BUT THERE IS NOTHING THERE EXCEPT WILD JUNGLE

THERE'S NO SUCH PLACE AS THAT NOW, ANYWAY

DON'T BE TOO SURE, BOYS - I WOULD BY MOST AMAZING - BUT DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE HIDDEN PEOPLE?

AGES AGO, WHEN THE LAND AND THE SEAS WERE CHANGING - LEGENDS SAY THAT A MIGHTY PEOPLE SETTLED IN THAT PART OF THE WORLD. NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN THEIR COUNTRY - BUT TALES HAVE COME FROM WANDERING NATIVES OF A GREAT EMPIRE, SURROUNDED BY HIGH MOUNTAINS, AND IMPOSSIBLE TO COME AT - BUT OF COURSE, NOBODY HAS REALLY BELIEVED THEM

I'VE GOT AN IDEA - IT'S TIME THE ROTORGYRO GYRO AND COULD FLOAT DOWN THERE AND TRY TO FIND THOSE PEOPLE

AND BE DANGLED AT

BUT DAD THE ROTORGYRO CAN GO ANYWHERE - AND SUPPOSE WE SUCCEEDED - IT WOULD BE THE BIGGEST DISCOVERY IN THE WORLD

BY ROTORGYRO THOSE HERE - WE'LL GO AND GET THE THINGS HERE - AND THEN FIND THE HIDDEN PEOPLE

OH BOY, THAT MEANS ME TOO

SO LUGOFF SHALL STAY HERE, IN CASE LUGOFF GIVES THEM A LITTLE KNOW-HOW

TO BE CONTINUED

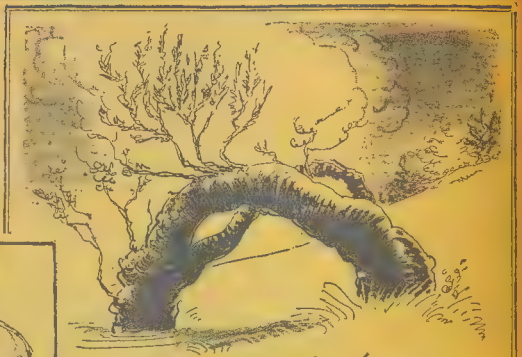
See what else happens—in our next issue

Believe It or Not

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By Robert L. Ripley

THE ELF-OWL IS NO LARGER THAN A CANARY



TREE WITHOUT A TOP!

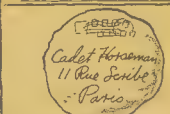
WILLOW WITH BOTH ENDS ROOTED IN THE GROUND

— GROWING NEAR THE LEVÉES OF LOIRÉ BLOIS, FRANCE

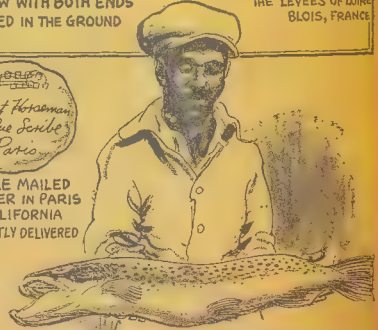
TOMMY PALOMBO

ST. JOHNS PREP. Danvers, Mass, MADE 7 HITS IN 7 TIMES UP

Andover, Mass, May 1, 1935



A PANCAKE MAILED TO A SOLDIER IN PARIS FROM CALIFORNIA WAS PROMPTLY DELIVERED



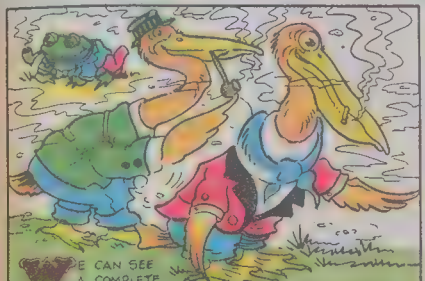
HAROLD POSTEN CAUGHT A TROUT 31 IN. LONG. — WEIGHING 10 POUNDS

Stroudsburg, Pa., 1928.

7-12

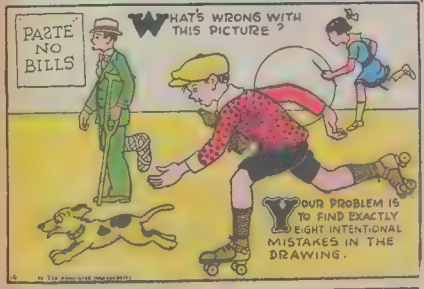
© 1935, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.

NUGENT'S ORIGINAL PUZZLES, RABBIT TRICKS & COMICS.



WE CAN SEE A COMPLETE OUTLINE PICTURE OF A ROOSTER SOMEWHERE IN THIS PICTURE. CAN YOU FIND IT ?

CAN YOU READ THE ABOVE NINE WORD SENTENCE ? THE ILLUSTRATIONS FORM PART AND WHOLE WORDS.

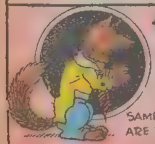


WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE ?

YOUR PROBLEM IS TO FIND EXACTLY EIGHT INTENTIONAL MISTAKES IN THE DRAWING.

BY USING THE SEVENTEEN LETTERS SHOWN ABOVE WE CAN SPELL THE NAMES OF TWENTY-FOUR BIRDS. PERHAPS YOU CAN SPELL MORE. WE'LL GIVE YOU ONE HUNDRED PERCENT IF YOU CAN SPELL TWENTY. YOU MAY USE THE SAME LETTER AS MANY TIMES AS YOU WISH BUT MUST USE ONLY THE LETTERS IN THE CIRCLE.

SMPTOM BIOTOICFH, CF CKOMWBCF LACAOLKCF, NCL ANWBO XMOLWHOFA PY AZO RFWAOH LACAOL.



MR FOX HAS CONCEALED THE ABOVE CRYPTOGRAM MESSAGE BY REPLACING EACH LETTER WITH ANOTHER LETTER OF THE ALPHABET EACH LETTER IS ALWAYS REPRESENTED THROUGHOUT THE CRYPTOGRAM BY THE SAME CODE-LETTER. SPACES AND PUNCTUATION ARE RETAINED... CAN YOU READ IT ?

A W NUGENT'S

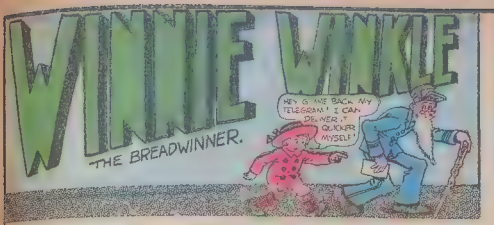
178·245·361
463·521·639
874·952·978

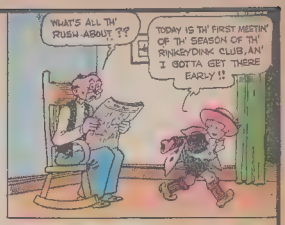
WE CAN FILL THESE NINE SQUARES BY MARKING ONE OF EACH OF THE ABOVE TRIPLE NUMBERS IN EACH SQUARE AND WITHOUT HAVING ANY SINGLE NUMBERS ALIKE IN ANY ROW ACROSS OR DOWN. FOR INSTANCE 978 AND 639 WOULD MAKE TWO NINES IN A ROW.

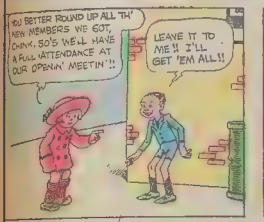
HAROLD TEEN
YOU ESK ME WHY I'M HEPPY, POPPA JENKS. HAVE YOU NO SOUL'S I'M HEPPY ON ACCOUNT OF--
SO WHAT?
WHY AM I HEPPY? WHO IS MY BES' FRAN' & -HAROLD TEEN! WHAT A MAN! FOOTBALL STAR- ALL AROUND ATHLETE- HE'S NO CAKE WHAT YOU COULD KNOCK TH' FROSTING OFFA'- A MAN'S MAN - YOUSAH!
- AN' SO I AM POPPIN ALONG, PATER JENKS - TO FIND MY GOOD 'FRAN' - WHO IS, ABOVE ALL A HE-MAN - AMONGST HE-MEN - ADIOS!
OUR CHECKUP TO-DAY CONTAIN ATAMINS A B C D E F and X
LET'S SOLVE THIS TUG!
WA'- HE'S A FRIEND OF HAROLD TEEN'S.
WHAT A FRAN' - WHAT A SPECIMEN OF MASCULINITY - THEY GRAILS AT TH' MENTION OF HIS NAME - Y MAN!
ZZ
LOLLY-MOMSIE-
LOLLY POPPIE
MY SHAZZY LIL HEARTBEAT'
PRECIOUS - TIES SUSIE' CAKE
DUZZY WUZZY'S LIL DADDLED DUMPLIN'-
BIG BRAVE AN HANSOME!
WIL LILY-WHITE MOUSEY!
CUTE LIL TIT MOUSE!
SHE CALLED HIM A CUTE LIL "TIT-MOUSE," -AN' HE STOOD FOR IT'
WELL DESTINY'S TOT- DID YOU FIND YOUR FINE FRIEND?
GET TWO OR THREE
-RASSLE ME UP 5 T OR SEVEN SODAS'- I DON CARE WHAT BECOMES OF ME
-PS NK IS HERE CEDOM-

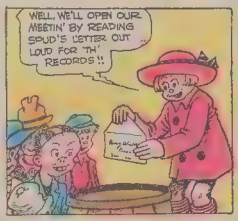
WINNIE WINKLE

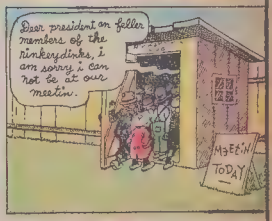
THE BREADWINNER.

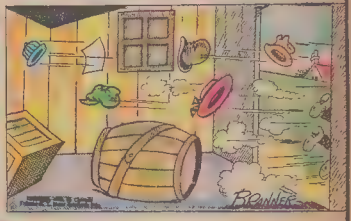




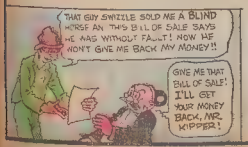

YOU BETTER ROUND UP ALL TH' NEW MEMBERS WE GOT, CHINK, SO'S WE'LL HAVE A FULL ATTENDANCE AT OUR OPENIN' MEETIN'!!
LEAVE IT TO ME!! I'LL GET 'EM ALL!!

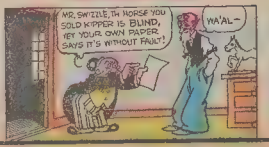






LOOIE


THAT GUY SWIZZLE SOLD ME A BLIND HORSE AN' THIS BILL OF SALE SAYS HE HAS WITHOUT FAULT! NOW HE WON'T GIVE ME BACK MY MONEY!!
GIVE ME THAT BILL OF SALE! I'LL GET YOUR MONEY BACK, MR. KIPPER!



Be sure to get the next issue on sale everywhere Wednesday, July 1st

Bronc Peeler
and
Coyote Pete
by
Fred Harman
I AIN'T SEEN A HUMAN FER A WEEK—NOT EVEN AN INJUN — IF I ONLY HAD MOSS TALK TO—GOOD OL NELL—JUST STROKE HER MANE AN PULL HER TAIL AGIN, I'M LONESOME!
I DUG THAT HOLE A FOOT DEEP AN I STILL DIDN'T FIND GOLD. I DON'T LIKE PROSPECTIN IT'S TOO STRENUOUS A MAN T WORK TH'S HARD
?
OH PETE YA HOO OO

WILLIE!
PETE!
EVE
GOSH, KID! I NEVER WAS S GLAD T SEE ANYONE — How Ya Doin'?
SWELL PETE — I STRUCK GOLD! GOTTA SACK OF NUGGETS BIG AS CACKLE BERRIES
I HOPE I SEARCH MY BOOTHILLS IF IT AIN'T TRUE. — BUT TH TROUBLE IS. I CAN'T GIT TH' STUFF HOME
MY BURRO FOLLERED A JACKRABBIT OVER TH' HILL, AN' AIN'T COME BACK — BUT THARS TH GOLD
WILLIE — I GOT JUST TH WAY TO GIT THIS GOLD HOME

PETE, I AIN'T USED TO BEIN' "PERSUADED SO"
DON'TCHA WORRY 'BOUT ME WILLIE — I'LL PULL YA ALL TH WAY HOME. I WOULDN'T THINK OF LETTIN YA WALK A STEP AFTER DIGGIN ALL THAT GOLD.
UM- BUT WHAT IF THAT AIN'T REAL GOLD?
?
YA HEAR WHAT I SAID, WILLIE — GIT DOWN AN' PULL ME AWHILE — I'M TIRED!

FRANCE WASN'T TH' ONLY WESTERN FRONT THAT HAD BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS.

SHUCKS— WE GOT THEM RIGHT NOW OUT HERE ON THIS WESTERN FRONT. — IT'S GETTIN' SO I HATE TO RIDE TOWN FER SUPPLIES. — ESPECIALLY, IF TH' HOSS I'M RIDIN' ON AN TH PACK HOSS I'M LEADIN, ARE CAZ BINY.

MY BUDDIES IS RANGE BORN AN TH CHUG OF SOME AUTO INVADIN THE R TOOTIN ON AINT TO THEIR LIKIN

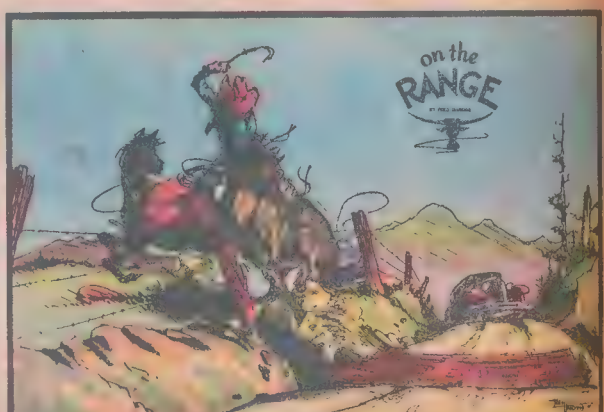
IF A HOSS SEES A HOSS AT A DISADVANTAGE WHEN ONE SNEAKS UP FROM BEHIND

SEE. THEY GO S SLOWLY PAST, TH POO HOSS AINT GOT A CHANCE T OUTGUN TH INTERNAL MACHINE — SO TH ONLY THING TH SKEERED CRITTER CAN DO IS TO BUST THROUGH THEM BARBED WIRE FENCES

TH' NEXT TIME YA DRIVE WEST, KEEP YER EYES PEELED ON TH' WIRE FENCES.

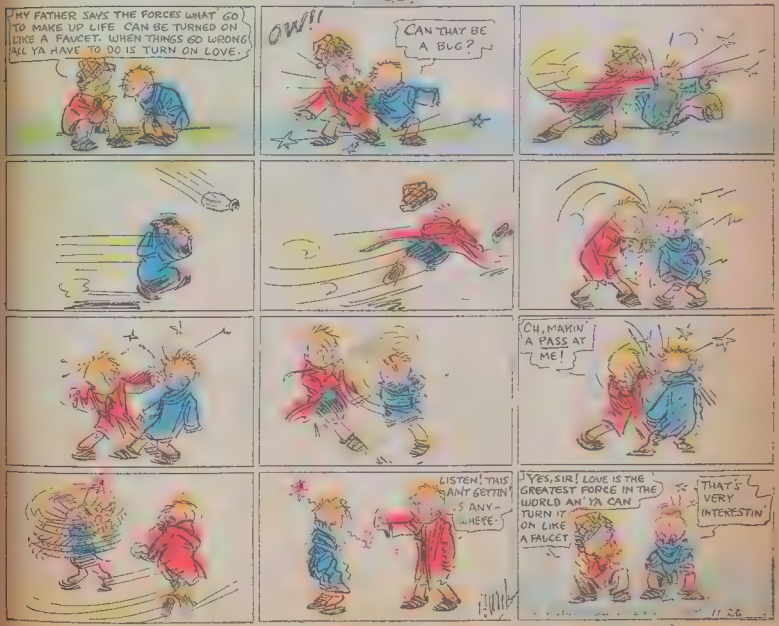
YA CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE LITTLE PIECES OF CLOTH HANGIN' TO TH BARDS.

BROTHER, THEY'ALL COME OUT OF MY SHIRT TAILS



ALWAYS BELITTLIN'
PERRY CROSBY
HEY, DO YA KNOW OF A GOOD DOCTOR IN TOWN?
I SHOULD SAY I DO.
WHAT MAKES YA THINK HE'S SO GOOD?
WELL, HE'S HAD FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE—
—A THOUSAND OPERATIONS AN'—
— HE ONLY LOST ONE PATIENT.
YA SAY HE HAD A THOUSAND OPERATIONS AN' HE LOST JUST ONE PATIENT? WHAT ONE?
THE FIRST ONE.
WELL, I GOT A SPLINTER, BUT WITH THAT DOCTOR'S RECORD, I DON'T LIKE TO BEGIN ANOTHER THOUSAND.
LUCKY BUCKS
PLAY MONEY
SKIPPY

Skippy


MY FATHER SAYS THE FORCES WHAT GO TO MAKE UP LIFE CAN BE TURNED ON LIKE A FAUCET. WHEN THINGS GO WRONG ALL YA HAVE TO DO IS TURN ON LOVE.
OWW!
CAN THAT BE A BUG?
OH, MAKIN' A PASS AT ME!
LISTEN! THIS AIN'T GETTIN' S ANY-WHERE.
YES, SIR! LOVE IS THE GREATEST FORCE IN THE WORLD AN' YA CAN TURN IT ON LIKE A FAUCET
THAT'S VERY INTERESTIN'
11-26

EGGS AND HER FELLA
BY POSEN
EDDIE THE SCRAMPER
WE'VE GOT TO BE AT THIS "KIDDIE PARTY" BY 8, EDDIE
GOSH-AIN'T IT SILLY ASKING A GROWN MAN TO DRESS UP LIKE A KID!
HELLO, PERCY! DOES YER MOTHER KNOW YER OUT?
HAW HAW!
HERE'S YER HAT--WOT'S YER HURRY?
CHEESE IT, THE COP!
THAT KID KIN FIGHT!
HEY-WOT'S THE IDEA OF YOU KIDS SCRAPPIN'?
AW-THEY STARTED IT
AND YOU HAD TO COME ALONG AND SPOIL IT JUST AS I WAS CLEANING 'EM UP
SAY YOU'RE A PRETTY TOUGH KID, AINTCHA?
AN SMOKING A CIGARETTE TOO, HEY? ONE OF THESE SMART KIDS--
AW, WHERE D'YA GET THAT 'KID' STUFF?
WHY YOU LITTLE ~~@!!~ I GOT SIX CHILDREN OF ME OWN AN' WHEN THEY GET FRESH I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE 'EM---
JUNGLET
EGGS ANY STYLE 15¢
SIGN
EGGS ANY STYLE 15¢
FINE!
CHEAP!
PEEP!

THE POPULAR STAMP CLUB

MONTGOMERY MULFORD - DIRECTOR

DO you know who has been portrayed on more stamps of the world, more times than anyone else?

Queen Victoria, King George Vth, and Christopher Columbus are three of the famous people who hold this honor. During January, 1936, King George the Fifth of England passed away. Immediately the Prince of Wales became King, with the title of Edward VIII. This means that the portraits of King George will no longer appear on postage issues of the British empire. From now on, you will find stamps of the countries under England showing the likeness of Edward VIII who is just forty one years old. Edward VIII is the sixtieth king that England has had.

Whenever anything happens in the world, it means that we shall have new stamps. If you will look over your album carefully, you will find many stamps that came out, because something of importance happened. Back in 1931 for example, Spain had a revolution. The people rose up and said they no longer wanted a kingdom, but desired a republic. So the King, Alfonso the Thirteenth, abdicated his throne and left the country. A republican form of government was created. As soon as that happened, the republicans took the stamps of the king and overprinted these. That is, they printed the announcement of the new republic over the kingdom's postal issues. "Republica Espanole" was the inscription used; and perhaps you have one or more of them in your album. If so, then you have a stamp that marks something which happened in the world.

A group of British Empire Stamps showing use of English Royalty.

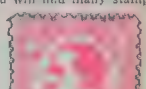
Stamps are a great deal of fun to collect while they also tell us things we ought to know about. They picture for us scenes all over the world, as well as the likenesses of important people. And when an important person who is shown on a stamp, and is a ruler of a nation, dies, his successor is then shown on such stamps. Therefore, we may trace, through our stamps, the rulers of nations!

At present, King Leopold III is the ruler of Belgium. You will find his portrait on Belgian stamps, ever since 1934, when he succeeded to the throne with the death of King Albert. The Belgian Crown Prince is a young lad named Boudouin, and you will find him, with his younger sister and baby brother, pictured all together, on another Belgian postage stamp. Some day, Boudouin will become King, and if you have this stamp, you will know what he looks like!

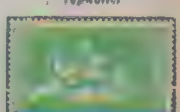
Our Stamp Director will be glad to answer personally, any questions you may wish to ask regarding stamps. Address your letter to the Popular Stamp Club, c/o Popular Comics, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Next month we shall talk about further interesting stamps that are worthy of possession in the stamp album you have.



King Alfonso on kingdom of Spain stamp with overprint for republic.



Children of the Belgian King.

ADVERTISEMENTS

SENSATIONAL OFFER

We are offering a set of 9 odd looking pictorial stamps from far off Charkhari in India with mystic Hindu symbols illustrated above for only 10c. to stamp collectors requesting a selection of foreign stamps on approval.

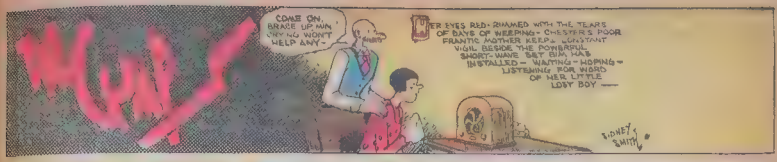
HARVEY C. DOLIN & CO.
31 Park Row New York City, N. Y.

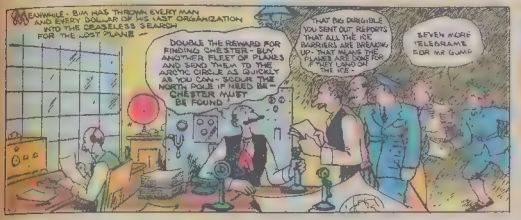
ALL FOR 3c

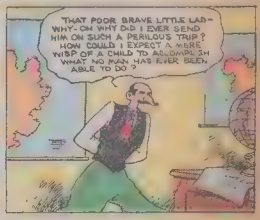
Dandy Stamp Collection! Includes scarce TRIANGLE; large SILVER JUBILEE a future rarity!), famous Spain GOYA, handsome New Zealand KIWI BIRD a beautiful new issue valuable surprise set, big lists and coupons all for 3c postage to approval applicants only. MIDWOOD STAMP CO., Box 6W, Midwood Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

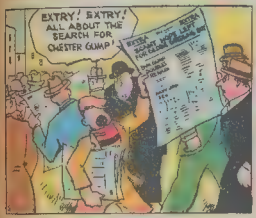
SCRIBBLY
BY SHELDON MAYER
LUCKY FOR SCRIBBLY IT'S THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL!
OH, THAT LITTLE SCRIBBLY JIBBET WAS THE MOST ANNOYING CHILD I EVER TAUGHT! HE USED TO DRAW PICTURES ALL OVER EVERY THING WHEN HE WAS IN MY CLASS!
WELL HE'S IN MY CLASS NOW, MISS LACEY- I'M SURE I CAN HANDLE HIM!
GOOD MORNING, CHILDREN- HOW ARE OUR PRETTY SINGING VOICES ON THIS LOVELY MORNING? ARE WE READY TO SING OUR GOOD MORNING SONG?
TAP TAP
GOOD MORN-NING DEAR TEA-CHUR GOOD MORN-NING TO YOU! WE'RE ALL IN OUR PLACES WITH SUN-SHINING FACES—
GOOD MORN-NING DEAR TEACH-UR- GOOD MORN-NING TO YOU!
ONCE AGAIN, NOW— SWEETLY— GOOD MORNING TO YOU---
GOOD MORNING TO YOU, SCRIBBLY JIBBET! SO THIS IS THE WAY YOU SING OUR GOOD MORNING SONG, IS IT?
OW!
NOW, YOUNG MAN, YOU STAND IN THE CORNER FOR THE REST OF THE DAY, AND AFTER SCHOOL, I'LL PUNISH YOU PROPERLY!
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA
AND SO THREE O'CLOCK FINALLY ROLLED AROUND!
BONG BONG BONG
NOW, MASTER JIBBET, YOU MAY NOT GO HOME UNTIL YOU HAVE WRITTEN "I MUST NOT DRAW PICTURES IN SCHOOL" ONE HUNDRED TIMES! SIT DOWN AND START WRITING!
YES'M'
"I MUST NOT DRAW PICTURES IN SCHOOL-- I MUST NOT DRAW- ETC-ETC-
HERE, MISS LOOMIS- I'M FINISHED!
ALL RIGHT- YOU MAY GO HOME NOW, BUT LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU!
WELL, MISS LACEY- I HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH OUR BUDDING CARTOONIST, BUT I SQUELCHED HIM ALL RIGHT SEE- I MADE HIM WRITE "I MUST NOT DRAW PICTURES IN SCHOOL" 100 TIMES!
BR-WHAT'S THAT ON THE OTHER SIDE?
TEACHER!
SHELDON MAYER

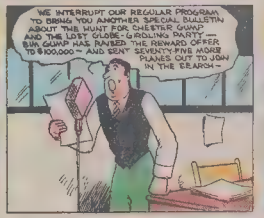
Next issue of Popular Comics on sale everywhere, Wednesday, July 1st

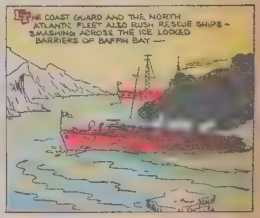

COME ON, BRACE UP MAN — THERE'S NO USE WORRYING — WON'T HELP ANY —
HER EYES RED-RIMMED WITH THE TEARS OF DAYS OF WEEPING - CHESTER'S POOR FRANTIC MOTHER KEEPS CONSTANT VIGIL BESIDE THE POWERFUL SHORT-WAVE SET BUM HAS INSTALLED - WAITING - HOPING - LISTENING FOR WORD OF HER LITTLE LOST BOY —
SIDNEY SMITH

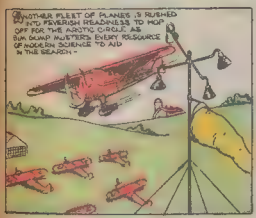

MEANWHILE - BUM HAS THROWN EVERY MAN AND EVERY DOLLAR OF HIS VAST ORGANIZATION INTO THE GRUELESS SEARCH FOR THE LOST PLANE —
DOUBLE THE REWARD FOR FINDING CHESTER - BUM! ANOTHER FLEET OF PLANES AND SEND THEM TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN - SCOUR THE NORTH POLE IF NEED BE - CHESTER MUST BE FOUND
THAT BIG DIRIGIBLE YOU SENT OUT REPORTS THAT ALL THE ICE BARRIERS ARE BREAKING UP - THAT MANY THE PLANES ARE DONE FOR YET LONG ON THE ICE
SEVEN MORE TELEGRAMS FOR MR GUMP


THAT POOR BRAVE LITTLE LAD - WHY - OH WHY DID I EVER SEND HIM ON SUCH A PERILOUS TRIP? HOW COULD I EXPECT A MERE WISP OF A CHILD TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT NO MAN HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO DO?

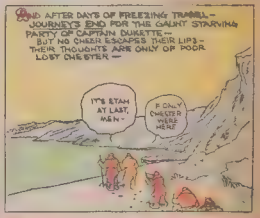

EXTRY! EXTRY! ALL ABOUT THE SEARCH FOR CHESTER GUMP!
BUM GUMP HAS RAISED THE REWARD OFFER TO $100,000 — AND SENT SEVENTY-FIVE MORE PLANES OUT TO JOIN IN THE SEARCH -

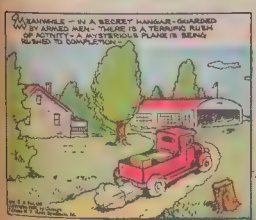

WE INTERRUPT OUR REGULAR PROGRAM TO BRING YOU ANOTHER SPECIAL BULLETIN ABOUT THE HUNT FOR CHESTER GUMP AND THE LOST GLOBE-TROTTING PARTY — BUM GUMP HAS RAISED THE REWARD OFFER TO $100,000 — AND SENT SEVENTY-FIVE MORE PLANES OUT TO JOIN IN THE SEARCH -

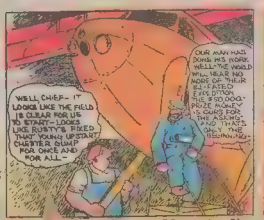

THE COAST GUARD AND THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET ALSO RUSH RESCUE SHIPS - SMASHING ACROSS THE ICE LOCKED BARRIERS OF BAFFIN BAY —

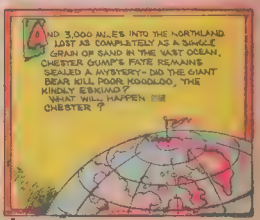

ANOTHER FLEET OF PLANES IS RUSHED INTO FEVERISH READINESS TO HOP OFF FOR THE ARCTIC CIRCLE AS BUM GUMP MUSTERS EVERY RESOURCE OF MODERN SCIENCE TO AID IN THE SEARCH -

DAY AND DAY SCOUTING PLANES SWEEP LAND AND SEAS FROM HUDSON BAY TO GREENLAND - SCANNING THE HORIZON FOR ANY SIGN OF THE LOST FLIERS —


AND AFTER DAYS OF FREEZING TRAVEL - JOURNEYS END FOR THE GAUNT STARVING PARTY OF CAPTAIN DUMETTE - BUT NO CHEER ESCAPES THEIR LIPS - THEIR THOUGHTS ARE ONLY OF POOR LOST CHESTER —
IT'S STAN AT LAST, MEN -
IF ONLY CHESTER WERE HERE!


MEANWHILE — IN A SECRET HANGAR - GUARDED BY ARMED MEN - THERE IS A TERRIFIC RUSH OF ACTIVITY - A MYSTERIOUS PLANE IS BEING RUSHED TO COMPLETION -

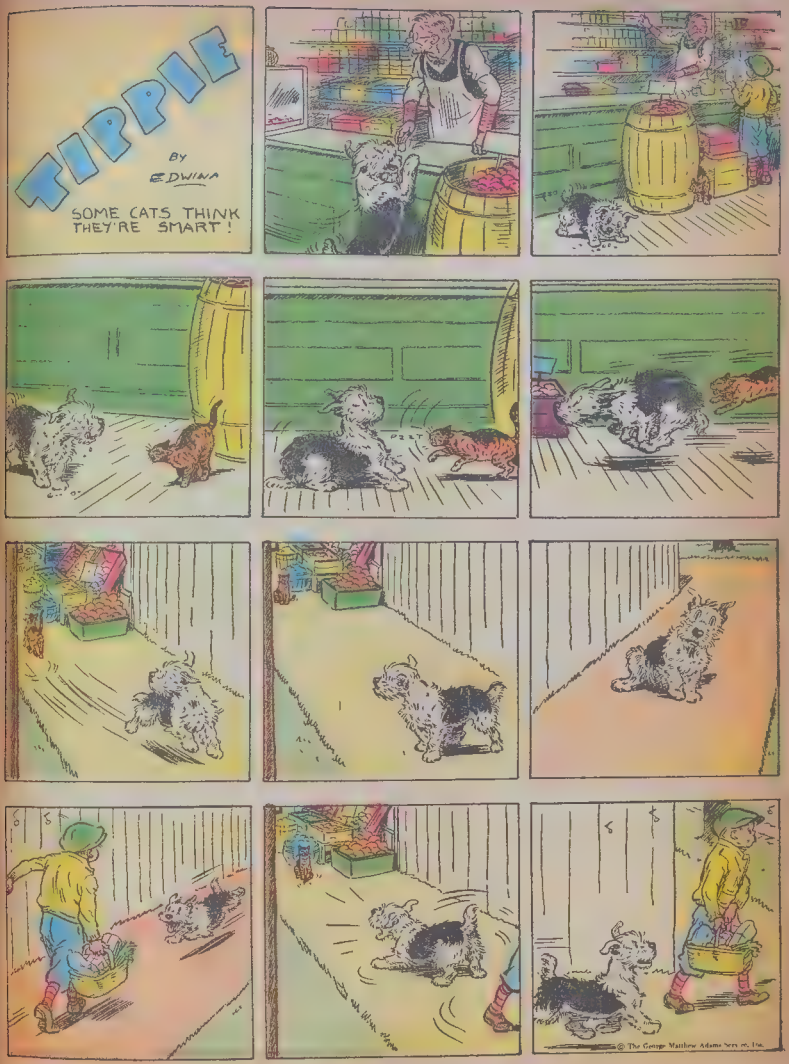

WELL, CHIEF — IT LOOKS LIKE THE FIELD IS CLEAR FOR US TO START - LOOKS LIKE RUM'S FIXED THAT YOUNG UPSTART CHESTER GUMP FOR ONCE AND FOR ALL —
OUR MAN HAS DONE HIS WORK WELL - THE WORLD WILL HEAR NO MORE OF THEIR FLIGHT - AND AFTER $100,000 PRIZE MONEY IS OURS FOR THE ASKING - AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING —


AND 3,000 MILES INTO THE NORTHLAND LOST AS COMPLETELY AS A SINGLE GRAIN OF SAND IN THE VAST OCEAN, CHESTER GUMP'S FATE REMAINS SEALED A MYSTERY - DID THE GIANT BEAR KILL POOR KOOLOOLOO, THE KINDLY ESKIMO? WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO CHESTER ?

Continued on Next Page—More in Next Issue

LOST TO THE WORLD—
WHILE PLANES • SHIPS—SUBMARINES AND DIRIGIBLES CONTINUE THE LONG, FRUITLESS, HEART-BREAKING SEARCH, THE FATE OF CHESTER CLIMP STILL REMAINS AN UNSOLVED RIDDLE—
WILL THE $ 50,000 REWARD FOR THE FIRST POLE TO POLE FLIGHT AROUND THE WORLD REMAIN UNCLAIMED—
SIDNEY SMITH
AND THE FIERCE STORM IS BETWEEN THE WINTER'S BANNING AND THE WHOLE BLOOD-THIRSTY PACK WHINE FLAMING IN CHASE—AND A SPEAR THROUGH IS HEART—
BUT KOODLOO TOO—HAS SUFFERED IN THE TERRIFIC BATTLE—LITTLE CHESTER HAS TORN STRIPS FROM HIS OWN SHIRT TO BANDAGE THE WOUNDED LEG—
A-YUK KOODLOO SAD HURT CAN NO MORE TAKE CARE I—ITS FRIEND—WHITE BOY TAKE SLED AND DOG TRAVEL SOUTH TO UTAH KOODLOO'S FRIENDS W CAMERON
NO—I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU ALONE KOODLOO—I SENT THERE ANY OTHER WAY WE CAN GET HELP?
MAYBE ITS SMOKE SIGNAL—MAKE FIRE—POUR WHALE OIL ON FOR BIG SMOKE—THEN SEND SIGNAL WITH BLANKET—
I'LL DO IT, KOODLOO—JUST LEAVE IT TO ME—I KNOW THE BOY SCOUT WAY—WE'LL GET HELP IN A HURRY—
GEE—I HATE TO CUT UP KOODLOO'S HARNESS—BUT WE'VE GOT TO MAKE WOOD—HE'S HURT TERRIBLY—HE NEEDS HELP—
I'VE GOT TO BUILD THE FIRE AS HIGH UP AS I CAN—SO THE SIGNALS CAN BE GOOD AND SMART—IT'S LUCKY THE AIR IS SO CLEAR UP HERE—YOU CAN SEE TWENTY FIVE MILES AWAY—
BOY—THAT WHALE OIL MAKES SWELL SMOKE—AND THE FUR BLANKET IS JUST THE THING TO SMOTHER IT WITH—
NOW IF ONLY SOMEBODY UNDERSTANDS THESE SIGNALS AND BRINGS HELP RIGHT AWAY—
HIGHER AND HIGHER THE BLOBS OF SMOKE MOUNT INTO THE ARCTIC SKY—BUT WILL THEY BE SEEN? AND BY WHOM?
E-E-U-UUGH! KOODLOO HEAD HURT SO—THINK LEG BROKE TOO—
I KEPT SENDING SIGNALS AS LONG AS THE FIRE LASTED, KOODLOO—I'M SURE SOMEBODY'LL SEE THEM—
KOOLUNA OOMIENE—IKA KUMER-AK-KOO-TOO-PING-KILL BEAR! KILL BEAR!
GOOD NIGHT! HE'S OUT OF HIS HEAD—HE'S DELIRIOUS—MAYBE HE'S DYING—GEE—I CAN'T WAIT—I'M GOING TO TRY AND REACH HELP SOMEWHERE
AND SO BRAVE LITTLE CHESTER—SICK AS HE IS HIMSELF—HITCHES UP THE ESKIMO DOGS—WRAPS POOR KOODLOO IN ALL HIS FURS—STRAPS HIM TO THE SLED—
AND SETS OFF ACROSS THE ICY FROZEN WASTES TOWARD UTAH—THE CLOSEST SETTLEMENT—STILL MILES AND MILES AWAY—

See what else happens—in our next issue


TIPPIE
BY
EDWINA
SOME CATS THINK THEY'RE SMART!
© The George Matthew Adams Service, Inc.

LOVEY DOVEY
by FERD JOHNSON
LOVEY YOU CANT GO NUTTING IN THESE- ITS POSTED
I KNOW, BUT WE'RE GOING AROUND THE OTHER SIDE WHERE THERE AREN'T ANY SIGNS.
I DONT THINK SO RIGHT LOVEY
AW, PET- NUTS DONT TASTE GOOD UNLESS YOU BORROW THEM
?
OINK!
WOW!
OOP!
WHY YOU SNOOT NOSED SOW OF A SOW
OINK! OINK! OINK!
SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH THAT BUCKET, DID YOU
WELL, MAYBE THIS'LL LET YOU KNOW WHO IT BELONGS TO
OH- I SEE. YOUR PARDON
MOOO COW
NEVER MIND WHY- HELP ME QUICK-! I'M CAUGHT ON A NAIL!!
?
POW!
OOP!
WELL, MRS. DOVEY- DID YOU BRING HOME ANY NUTS?
JUST ONE, MRS. DEWFLOP JUST ONE!!
TEXAS SLIM
WHOOEE! I'D GIVE MY LAST SHIRT TO GET OUT OF THIS JUG! I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO TO ME?
QUEEK! NF MUST CHOPPA HIS HEAD OFF!
NO-NO I MOOCH RATHER CUT HIS THROAT!
NOT THAT'S IT!
THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME!!!
-BUT HE Y TASTE BETTER MY WAY
NO NO THAT MAKE HIM LOOSE HIS FLAVOR
?
THIS PUTTLE DIC DAVE TOVAY DOVEY A DO TUNNIEB
WATCH HIM DO IT BACKWARDS IN THE MIRROR KIDS!

Reg'lar Fellers
By Gene Byrnes
MOMMA SAYS IF YOU'RE LATE FOR DINNER AGAIN YOU'LL GET A GOOD WALLOPIN
LET'S GET UP A GAME OF COPS 'N' ROBBERS!
LET'S GET UP A SPECIAL KIND OF A GAME! WE'LL ONLY HAVE ONE ROBBER AN' ALL THE REST OF US WILL BE COPS!
AN' LET PINHEAD BE THE ROBBER CAUSE HE CAN HOL THE BEST!
ALRIGHT! I KNOW A SWELL PLACE TO HIDE!
YES MAM MRS DUFFY, I'LL HAVE YOUR LAUNDRY BACK BY THURSDAY
HE'S NOT HERE!
OR HERE!
I THOUGHT SURE HE'D BE HERE!
WE'VE BEEN LOOKIN FOR HIM FOR OVER TWO HOURS!
OH, MOM! POOR OL' PINHEAD IS LOST! WE'VE BEEN LOOKIN FOR HIM FOR TWO HOURS AN' WE CAN'T FIND 'IM ANY PLACE
THIS IS THE WAY IT HAPPENED! WE GOT UP A GAME OF COPS 'N ROBBERS 'N WE LET PINHEAD BE THE ROBBER!
THAT'S A FUNNY NOISE ON THE BACK OF THIS WAGON! I THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK!
Dairybelle
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE IN THAT COWBOY OUTFIT RAYMOND?
I'M TEXAS TOM, THE GREATEST COWBOY WHO EVER LIVED!
THERE'S THE GREATEST COWBOY WHO EVER LIVED ... "ARIZONA AL"! LOOK! HE'S SHOOTING HIS GUN WITH ONE HAND AND ROLLING A CIGARETTE WITH THE OTHER! I'LL BET YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
"ARIZONA AL" IN THE SAGE HEN'S BUCKAROO
SAT. & SUN.
NO, BUT I CAN SHOOT A GUN WITH ONE HAND AND ROLL A HOOP WITH THE OTHER AN THAT BEATS HIM!
POP

Next issue of Popular Comics on sale everywhere, Wednesday, July 1st

Bertie Sets The Dog

By CHET GRANT

GEORGIE BLAKE was minding his little Cousin Bertie. His mother had gone to the Ladies Summer Social leaving a solemn warning with Georgie to keep "that little scamp" out of mischief.

An hour after her departure Bertie rushed into the house screaming, "Georgie! Georgie! The man took my dog away."

"What dog?" Georgie asked, putting down his book. "You don't own any dog."

"I do so own a dog," Bertie howled. "A swell dog, too. I found him this morning and I had him down cellar and just now a man came along with a truck full of dogs and took my dog away."

"Oh-ho, the dog catcher!" Georgie exclaimed. "Well, you can just kiss your dog goodbye, then."

"But I don't want to kiss him goodbye," Bertie howled. "I want him back again. You get him for me, Georgie. Please!"

Georgie sudde felt a little sorry for Bertie.

"Okay," he said, "Which way did he go?"

Walking very fast and feeling pleased at the shining adoration in Bertie's eyes Georgie hurried to overtake the dog-catcher's truck. Quite close to the center of the town he and Bertie came up to the parked vehicle. It was filled with dogs of every size, color, and breed.

"There he is, there's my dog!" Bertie cried excitedly, pointing into the mass of entangled bodies.

"Say, mister," Georgie said to the driver, who was sitting on the seat repairing his dog-catcher's net. "I'd like to get back a dog you've caught. How about it?"

The dog-catcher shook his head. "Can't be done, unless you pay three dollars for a license for him."

"But I haven't got three dollars," Georgie protested. "What difference does one dog make to you?"

"Say I spent all day catchin' that batch of hounds," the dog-catcher said. "I'm kind of proud of that big collection."

"Never mind, Georgie, never mind," Bertie yelled from the rear. "I got him out by myself."

Georgie nearly fainted at the sight of the huge dog that stood affectionately beside Bertie. It was an immense St. Bernard, almost as big as a pony.

"Hey, what's the idea!" the dog-catcher yelled, jumping down from his seat.

At the sight of his mortal enemy the St. St. Bernard spun around and scooted down the street, while Bertie, keeping a tight hold on the rope leash, went hurtling after him. The rest of the dogs poured out of the back of the truck in a yelping, howling baying stream and legged it after the St. Bernard.

"Hi! Hi! Stop! Stop" screamed the dog-catcher, but it was no use, the howling pack never slackened speed as it roared around a corner out of sight.

"I've got you to blame for this," the dog-catcher cried accusingly, but Georgie was already running toward the sound of the distant bays and yelps.

With his long hairy ears and his bushy tail streaming out in the breeze and with Bertie racing at the end of the leash, the St. Bernard ran full tilt down the main street with thirty assorted dogs howling in his wake. Straight, as though a magnet drew him, he headed for the sweeping lawns of the First Baptist Church where the Ladies Summer Social was in full swing.

What a charming scene the ladies made in their dainty summer frocks! How lovely the booths were in their crepe paper decorations! And into this peaceful atmosphere burst a giant dog leaping and bounding and dragging after him a careening Bertie who yelled, "Yippee!" at every jump, and behind them came a howling avalanche of dogs.

Astonished persons were suddenly upset and let down heavily upon the ground. Dogs ran between their feet and leaped over their sprawling forms. Frightened ladies ran hither and thither. The St. Bernard went charging around and around in a circle with Bertie stumbling and sprawling on the end of the leash screaming, "Yippee! Yippee!"

Other ladies scampered for safety and tripped over dogs, stepped on the tails of dogs who filled the air with their yelps of anguish, and sat down on dogs that went howling in every direction. Dogs were everywhere, lapping up ice cream, gobbling up cake, and chasing affectionately after ladies who misjudged them and were trying to shinny up the nearest trees.

Meanwhile the St. Bernard had collapsed upon the church steps and was viewing the shambles on the lawn with a dignified air. Bertie tried frantically to get him to go home, because Bertie sensed impending disaster and he wasn't at all wrong because Mrs. Blake suddenly took him firmly by the ear and cried indignantly:

"Now then, young man, explain this uproar if you can!"

The St. Bernard heaved himself to his feet and shook his big head at Mrs. Blake.

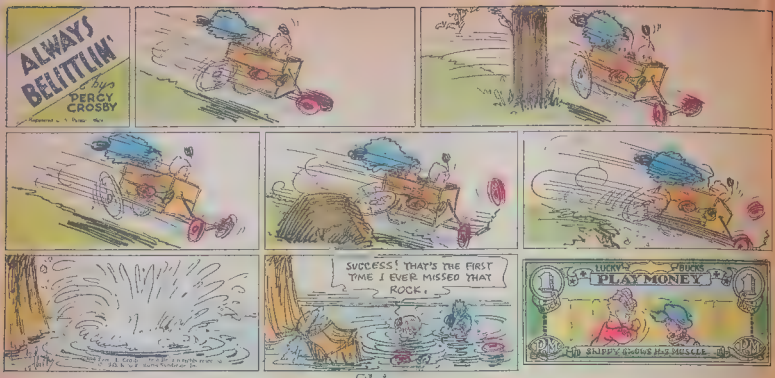
"GR-R-R-R!"

Mrs. Blake let go of Bertie's ear at once. She went away hastily and catching sight of a bewildered Georgie she took him firmly by the arm and began to give him a piece of her mind for allowing that pack of terrible dogs to ruin the Ladies Summer Social.

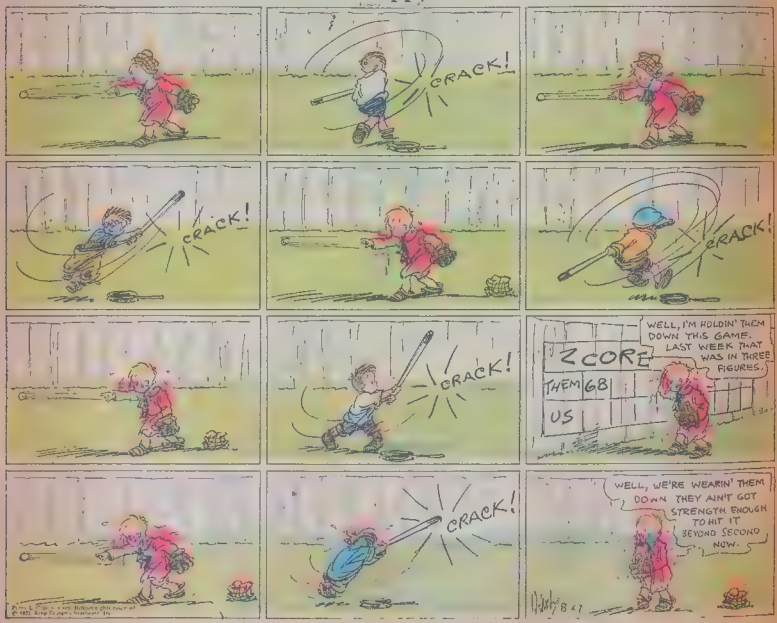
Poor Georgie, he got blamed for everything while Bertie patted his big protector on the head and grinned happily:

"NICE DOGGIE!"

Another Bertie Story in our next issue—Watch for it!


ALWAYS BELITTLIN'
by PERCY CROSBY
SUCCESS! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER MISSED THAT ROCK.
LUCKY STRIKE
PLAY MONEY
SKIPPY GROWS HIS MUSCLE

Skippy


CRACK!
CRACK!
CRACK!
CRACK!
SCORE
THEM 68
US
WELL, I'M HOLDIN' THEM DOWN THIS GAME. LAST WEEK THAT WAS IN THREE FIGURES.
CRACK!
WELL, WE'RE WEARIN' THEM DOWN THEY AIN'T GOT STRENGTH ENOUGH TO HIT IT SEVOND SECOND NOW.

BRONC PEELER
COYOTE PETE
By FRED HARMAN
KEEP OUT OF MY WAY AN QUIT PESTERIN' ME — I GOTTA CLEAN UP!
I GOTTA LOOK MY BEST 'CAUSE I'M AN HONOR'D GUEST
GOSH, PETE — YOU AIN'T BEEN GIT ALL TH' BREAKS — LET ME SHOW TH' GAL AROUN'?
— BAW! SHE COME OUT TH' LOSE END O' TH' HORSE — I'M TH' BEST SHE'S LOOKIN' FOR!! — NOW SHUT UP AN' LET ME SHAVE!
YES SIR, PETE — YA LOOK SWELL — ALL BUT THAT BALD HEAD WHICH SUGGESTS ANCIENT HISTORY!
BY CRACKY! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT WID BEFORE? I'LL LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER!
GOSH, THAT FEELS GOOD! I'M GONNA WEAR IT ALL TH' TIME!
HOWDY MISS — COYOTE PETE IS TH' NAME — WHILE BUCKIN' IS SHOWIN' YER PA ROUN'D — I'LL SHOW YA HOW US DUNKEES WORK
OH GOODY!
— AN THIS IS OUR CORRAL WHERE WE GIVE AN' BREAK THEM SUNFISH AN' LEGLY TWISTIN' WILD BRONCHOS YA READ ABOUT IN HELD BOOKS — IT'S SWELL!
THRILLING!
IT'S ALL SO ROMANTIC — I LOVE IT!
— AND WHAT A GORGEOUS VIEW FROM HERE — IT'S WONDERFUL!
OH MY — OH MY!
PETE?! I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS — HE'S LIKE THAT — BUT COME — I'LL SHOW YA AROUND!
— AN THIS MISS — IS CALLED A BELLOWS — JUST BLOW IT LIKED THERE'S A SPARK — AN' I TELLYA HOW QUICK YA GITS A HOT FIRE!

COWBOYS ARE MADE, NOT BORN.

OF COURSE THEY ARE SOME MEN IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE THAT WAS BORN WITH MORE HOSS SENSE THAN OTHERS — SOME TOUCH A GENIUS IN BOTH BUT THEY ARE FEW AN FAR BETWEEN.

MOST COWBOYS GET THERE START AN KNACK FOR RIDIN' AN A VERY EARLY AGE.

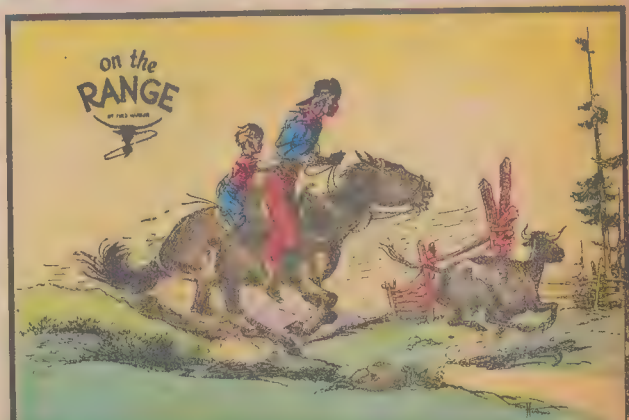
SAID LIGHTLY PLACED TH' YOUNGSTER UP BEHIND HIS PA ON TH' HOSS WHEN HE HAD SHOOT RIDIN' TO DO. IT WAS ALWAYS PRETTY ROUGH. BUT DAD MEANT WELL.

HE DIDN'T GIVE IT A THOUGHT THAT TH' YOUNGSTER MIGHT FALL OFF — HE JUST SAID, "HANG ON SON" AN' EXPECTED HIM TO DO SO.

I CAN REMEMBER WHAT A JOB THAT WAS, TOO. BUCKY AN' I THOUGHT MY DAD'S SUSPENDERS WHICH I WAS HOLDIN TO, WOULD BREAK AN SEND ME FLY THROUGH TH' AIR.

SOMETIMES, NOWADAYS, WHEN TH' GOIN GETS ROUGH AN TH' STRUGGLE FOR LIFE SEEMS PRETTY HARD AN YA'D JUST LIKE TO LET GO AN QUIT —

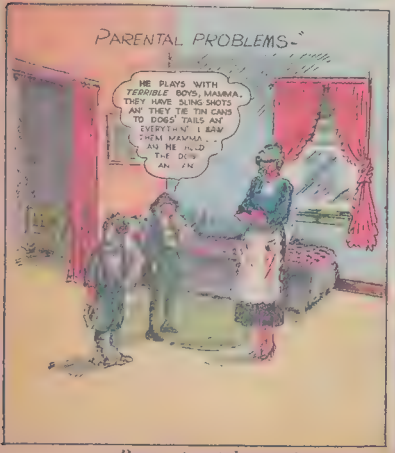
THOSE OLD WORDS MY DAD USED T' SAY GOES THROUGH MY MIND, "HANG ON SON".

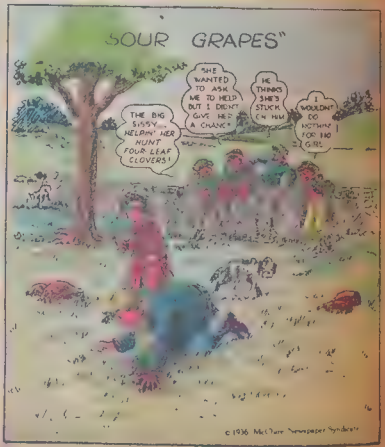


Next issue of Popular Comics on sale everywhere, Wednesday, July 1st

"LIFE'S LITTLE TRAGEDIES"

"BIG EVENTS IN LITTLE LIVES."
CEE YOU'RE GETTING A WHOLE DIME FOR HELPIN' WHATCHA GONNA BUY? CANDY?
WHY'NTCHA BUY MARBLES? YOU CAN GET ENOUGH FOR US ALL
I GOT MARBLES I'D RATHER HAVE
HEY! GET BUSY AND EARN THAT MONEY BEFORE YOU WORRY ABOUT SPENDIN' IT


"PARENTAL PROBLEMS—"
HE PLAYS WITH TERRIBLE BOYS, MAMMA. THEY HAVE SLING SHOTS AN' THEY TIE TIN CANS TO DOGS' TAILS AN EVERYTHING I BEEN THEM MAMMA AN HE HOLD THE DOOR AN I'N


"SOUR GRAPES"
SHE WANTED TO ASK ME TO HELP BUT I DIDN'T GIVE HER A CHANCE
HE THINKS SHE'S STUCK ON HIM
WOULDN'T GO NOTHING FOR NO GIRL
THE BIG SISSY— HELPIN' HER HUNT FOUR LEAF CLOVERS!
© 1936 McClure Newspaper Syndicate

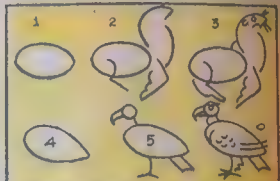
Be sure to get the next issue on sale everywhere Wednesday, July 1st

A STRAIN on the FAMILY TIE
BY GAAR WILLIAMS
- AS IF I DIDNT HAVE A HOUSE OF MY OWN T' LOOK AFTER
IT'S A WONDER THIS OLD AUNT OF YOURS WOULDNT SHOW UP AT HOME ONCE IN A WHILE AND AIR THIS PLACE OUT AND NOT BOTHER US WITH IT!
GEE
YOU GET TH' SECOND AND THIRD FLOOR WINDOWS OPEN AND HURRY BACK DOWN HERE
GEE
AUNT ZODIE USES THIS FOR A STORE ROOM AND IT'S SURE FULL OF JUNK
KINDA SPOOKY
THERE YOU ARE, YOUNG FELLA, ONE OF TH' EARLY GREENS, YER GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANPA GREEN PAINTED BY AN EARLY AMERICAN ARTIST
WHICH GOES T SHOW THAT WE GREENS WERE SOME PUMPKINS EVEN IN THOSE DAYS
BRING GRANDPA DOWN AND LET'S SHOW HIM T' AUNT EVVY
AUNT EVVY, LOOK, UNCLE MORTS GOT SOMETHING T' SHOW YUH
COME QUICK, AUNT EVVY, UNCLE MORTS FOUND A REAL EARLY AMERICAN PAINTIN' OF HIS GREAT GREAT GRANDPA
TH' ONLY EARLY ART YOUR UNCLE EVER KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT WAS MAYBE A CIRCUS POSTER. BUT THERE'S A CHANCE HE MIGHT BE RIGHT FOR ONCE
WELL HE KNOWS IT'S HIS GRANDPA IT SAYS SO ON TH' BACK
YES - THAT'S A GREEN ALL RIGHT - HUMPH! JUST ABOUT AS NO 'COUNT LOOKIN' AS THEY ARE T' DAY

NUGENT'S ORIGINAL

PUZZLES GAMES TRICKS & COMICS

JACK RABBIT JUST SLIPPED AWAY FROM HIS FRIENDS AND IS HIDING SOMEWHERE HERE WE CAN SEE HIS ENTIRE BODY CAN YOU ?



SPEAKING OF DRAWING, HERE IS HOW AN ARTIST DRAWS A SEAL AND AN EAGLE. START WITH THE SIMPLE OVALS AND THEN ADD THE OTHER LINES TILL YOUR SKETCH IS COMPLETE ALSO TRY YOUR HAND AT DRAWING SOMETHING YOURSELF. YOU'LL BE SURPRISED TO SEE HOW EASY IT IS.

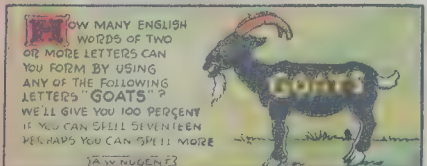
© . . . by The Associated Newspapers (1927)

[A.W.NUGENT]

THERE ARE OVER FORTY OBJECTS IN THIS PICTURE THAT BEGIN WITH THE LETTER "P". JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN FIND FORTY. . . PERHAPS YOU CAN DISCOVER MORE. NUMBER THEM WITH YOUR PENCIL

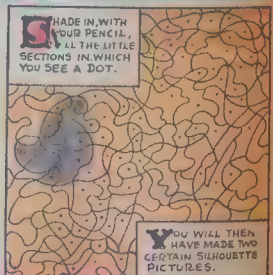
MR WISE OWL CAN MAKE FOUR DIFFERENT ARRANGEMENTS BY USING ALL THE LETTERS SHOWN ABOVE AND MAKE FOUR FOUR-LETTER WORDS

CAN YOU DO IT ?



HOW MANY ENGLISH WORDS OF TWO OR MORE LETTERS CAN YOU FORM BY USING ANY OF THE FOLLOWING LETTERS "GOATS"? WE'LL GIVE YOU 100 PERCENT IF YOU CAN SPELL SEVENTEEN PERHAPS YOU CAN SPELL MORE

[A.W.NUGENT]



SHADE IN, WITH YOUR PENCIL, ALL THE LITTLE SECTIONS IN WHICH YOU SEE A DOT.

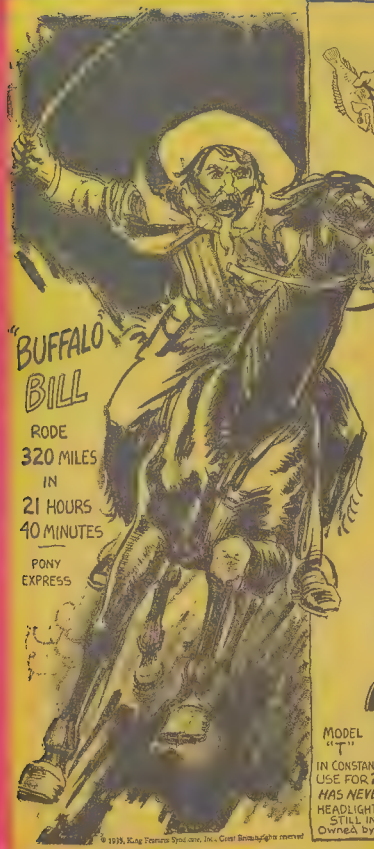
YOU WILL THEN HAVE MADE TWO CERTAIN SILHOUETTE PICTURES.

Be sure to get the next issue on sale everywhere Wednesday, July 1st

Believe It or Not

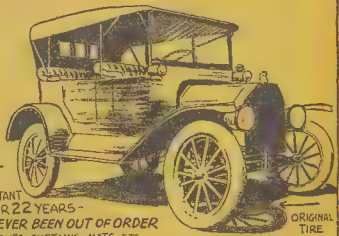
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By Robert L. Ripley



SIGNATURE OF G. W. TVE
Chamblee, Ga.

7-13



MODEL "T"
IN CONSTANT USE FOR 22 YEARS -
HAS NEVER BEEN OUT OF ORDER
HEADLIGHTS-CURTAINS-MATS, ETC., STILL IN GOOD CONDITION.
OWNED by DOW NESTOR and PAUL CARVER, Cheney, Kansas

ORIGINAL TIRE

© 1933, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved

FROM THE NOTES OF

Maj. Cosmo Strange, D.S.O.

BY GEORGE BAKER

BEGINNING THE VANISHING HEIRESS

AN EXCITING STORY OF SCIENTIFIC DETECTION

The Vanishing Heiress

"That gang never fails," said Spohn, trembling. "Every threat

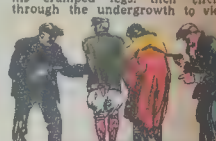
they make they keep. Mildred's rich and $100,000 is cheap for her safety." Silas Spohn, elderly president of the First National Bank, was more excited than Milton Clark, the cashier, had ever seen him. Cold-blooded and ruthless in business, he seemed on the verge of collapse over the kidnap threat against his lovely ward, Mildred Cowan. "But Mr. Spohn," Clark argued, "it is our duty to trap this band. Someone must take a stand." Spohn's bony fingers gripped the table. "Milton, I order that the money be paid." "Very well, sir, it shall be done," Clark finally complied. . . The cashier remained in the bank alone pondering over Spohn's inexplicable attitude . . . Early the next morning a distinguished-looking gentleman sauntered down the street in the direction of the bank. At a discreet distance behind him followed an alert redheaded boy who might have been on his way to school. Reaching the impressive portals of the bank, a look of understanding seemed to pass between him and the boy before he entered and presented a card reading, "Major Cosmo Strange." He was immediately ushered into the cashier's private office. "Ah, Major Strange," said Clark, "mighty good of you to come—indeed it is important or I would not have presumed to ask the aid of the world's most famous detective. We are at the mercy of a murderous gang of blackmailers and kidnappers and need your help." . . . When they had been

closeted for an hour Clark rang for his secretary, Jane Murray. "Jane," said Milton Clark, "Major Strange wishes to ask a great favor of you." . . . Mildred Cowan's sedan idled along a shadowed lane leading to the club. The lone passenger in the car lolled comfortably in the deep upholstery of the

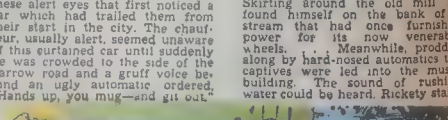
rear seat, while her uniformed chauffeur seemed equally to be enjoying the drive . . . But there was still another passenger, for in the rear in an ample compartment designed for luggage there was a stowaway—a small boy whose keen eyes peered through a crack made by the slightly opened lid. It was these alert eyes that first noticed a car which had trailed them from their start in the city. The chauffeur, usually alert, seemed unaware of this curtained car until suddenly he was crowded to the side of the narrow road and a gruff voice behind an ugly automatic ordered, "Hands up, you mug—and git out."

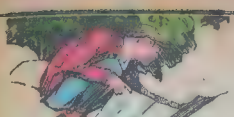
Bound, blindfolded and their mouths taped, the chauffeur and the girl were tossed into the back of their own car. As they bounced over the country roads they could hear the sound of the other car leading the way. After what seemed to be an hour, the car gave a lurching turn, continued for a short distance over uneven ground,

then stopped. Hoarse voices ordered them out and, still blindfolded, they were led by their captors towards a rickety building concealed by trees. Hardly were they out of sight when the lid of the luggage carrier of Miss Cowan's car was opened cautiously and a bedraggled boy emerged stealthily and disappeared in the thick bushes. Reaching a point of safety he stretched his cramped legs, then circled through the undergrowth to view



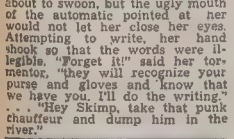
the dilapidated building towards which the captives had disappeared. It looked like an ancient mill on the edge of a secluded stream. Skirting around the old mill he found himself on the bank of a stream that had once furnished power for its now venerable wheels. . . . Meanwhile, prodded along by hard-nosed automatics the captives were led into the musty building. The sound of rushing water could be heard. Rickety stairs





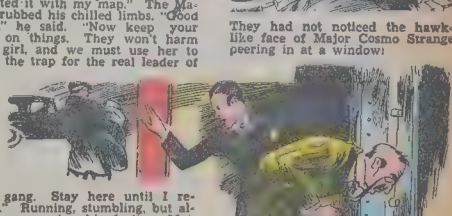
led to an upper floor where their blindfolds were removed and they were pushed roughly into a corner. The chauffeur's keen eyes noticed torn bits of paper lying on the floor, and he was able to make out the letters FI-FI printed diagonally under each other on one small scrap. Leering at them was the evil face of the leader. "Well, Miss Cowan, we're sorry to inconvenience you," the gang leader said with a sneer, "but you wouldn't take our word for it. So now you can help us collect the dough. Here, write a note to that old skinflint Spohn and tell him to send the money." Cutting the rope on her hands he gave her pencil and paper. The girl was about to write when, the chauffeur, with a quick lurch, knocked them out of her hands. Down came an automatic on the chauffeur's head. "You will butt in, will you?" snarled the gang chief . . . "Now Miss, you see we

can be rough; so write what I tell you." The frightened girl seemed about to swoon, but the ugly mouth of the automatic pointed at her would not let her close her eyes. Attempting to write, her hand shook so that the words were illegible. "Forget it!" said her tormentor, "they will recognize your purse and gloves and know that we have you. I'll do the writing." . . . "Hey Skimp, take that punk chauffeur and dump him in the river."

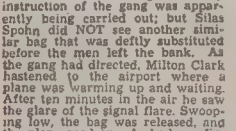


The kidnappers had, unknowingly, signed their own death warrant. The humble chauffeur was none other than the famous detective, Maj. Cosmo Strange . . . . Numbed by the brutal blow, he was sufficiently revived by the cold water of the stream to start his wits working. Bound as he was, he managed to keep his head above the water and maneuver toward the shore. Unexpectedly two small, strong hands gripped him by the shoulders and hauled him up on the rocky bank. Bending over him was the excited face of his protege, Click McGuire. "Well, my boy," gasped Strange, "you are on the job, I see. Anything to report?"

"Only this," said Click, "here's where we are—about two miles from town on the Rambler river, near the Scott farm. They drove around a lot to confuse us but I located it with my map." The Major rubbed his chilled limbs. "Good boy," he said. "Now keep your eye on things. They won't harm the girl, and we must use her to bait the trap for the real leader of



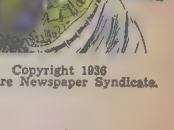
this gang. Stay here until I return." Running, stumbling, but always recovering his footing, Maj Strange finally reached a farmhouse that had a telephone. After a hurried muffled conversation with Clark, he returned in the direction of the old mill . . . . "Oh, why didn't they wait?" wailed Silas Spohn, fingering Mildred Cowan's purse and gloves sent by the kidnappers with new threats of death for the captive if the ransom was not paid at once. The old man seemed heartbroken over his ward's capture. In the vault at the bank bundles of money were being stuffed in a canvas bag and every instruction of the gang was apparently being carried out; but Silas Spohn did NOT see another similar bag that was deftly substituted before the men left the bank. As the gang had directed, Milton Clark hastened to the airport where a plane was warming up and waiting. After ten minutes in the air he saw the glare of the signal flare. Swooping low, the bag was released, and the plane sped on. A shadowy figure came out of concealment,



snatched up the bag and hurried away . . . Back in the old mill greedy hands poured the contents on the floor. But instead of bundles of money, they found only carefully tied strips of newspaper. "The dirty double-crosser," snarled the thug. "You stay here, girl, and we'll get the money—and we'll get him, too." Replacing the tape over the mouth of the helpless girl the kidnappers ran for their car . . .

They had not noticed the hawk-like face of Major Cosmo Strange peering in at a window!

Copyright 1936
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.



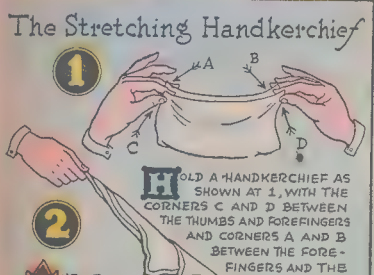
READ THE CONCLUSION OF THIS BAFFLING MYSTERY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF POPULAR COMICS

REAL MAGIC

TO MYSTIFY YOUR FRIENDS

BY A. W. NUGENT

The Stretching Handkerchief



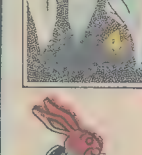
HOLD A HANDKERCHIEF AS SHOWN AT 1, WITH THE CORNERS C AND D BETWEEN THE THUMBS AND FOREFINGERS AND CORNERS A AND B BETWEEN THE FOREFINGERS AND THE SECOND FINGERS

THEN TWIST IT UP INTO A ROPE . . . NOW LET GO OF CORNER B AND CORNER C, BRINGING THE HANDKERCHIEF AGAINST YOUR WAISTCOAT SO AS TO PREVENT UNROLLING

PULL WITH GENTLE TWITCHES THE HANDKERCHIEF WILL APPARENTLY STRETCH ITSELF OUT INTO INORDINATE LENGTH, OWING TO THE FACT THAT YOU ARE NOW PULLING ON DIAGONAL CORNERS. IF YOUR AUDIENCE HAS NOT SEEN CLEARLY HOW YOU HELD THE HANDKERCHIEF AT FIRST, THEY WILL HAVE THE ILLUSION THAT YOU ARE ACTUALLY STRETCHING IT

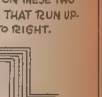
HERE IS A VERY PRETTY TRICK THAT CAN BE PERFORMED WITH A HANDKERCHIEF OR A NAPKIN. TIE AN ORDINARY OVERHAND KNOT NEAR THE MIDDLE OF A HANDKERCHIEF AS SHOWN IN FIG. NO. 1, AND PULL IT TIGHT. TAKE CARE THAT ONE SIDE OF THE KNOT IS SMOOTH AND ON THIS SIDE PENCIL A MAN'S FACE.

BRING THE SHORTER END OF THE HANDKERCHIEF ONCE AROUND THE ORIGINAL KNOT, AND PUSH THE END UP THROUGH THE RESULTING LOOP, FIG. 2. NOW BRING THE LOWER END OF THE HANDKERCHIEF OVER AS IN NO. 3. THEN BRING IT AROUND THE BACK AND OVER, AS IN NO. 4. ONCE MORE AROUND THE BACK AND OVER, AS IN NO. 5, LEAVES JUST ENOUGH OF THE HANDKERCHIEF TO GO AROUND THE BACK AGAIN AND BE TUCKED INTO ONE OF THE FOLDS AS IN THE BACK VIEW SHOWN IN FIG. NO. 6. YOU WILL THEN HAVE COMPLETED A BUST OF AN ARAB SHEIK.

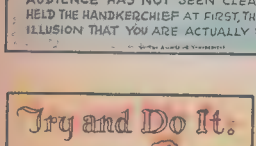


KEEP YOUR EYES ON THESE TWO MAGIC ARCHES THAT RUN UPWARD FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

LOOK STEADILY AT THE ARCHES AND THE PASSAGES WILL SUDDENLY CHANGE AND APPEAR TO RUN DOWNWARD FROM RIGHT TO LEFT.



Try and Do It.



STAND A CORK ON THE EDGE OF A TABLE; THEN STAND OFF ABOUT SIX FEET, RUN AT THE CORK—NOT WALK—AND TRY TO SNAP IT FROM THE TABLE WITH YOUR FINGER. SOUNDS SIMPLE DOESN'T IT? WELL—JUST TRY IT.

HERE'S MAGIC. BEND FIVE TOOTHPICKS IN THE MIDDLE. PLACE THEM IN THE POSITIONS SHOWN IN SKETCH NO. 1. THEN PUT A DROP OF WATER ON THE BENT PART OF EACH TOOTHPICK . . .

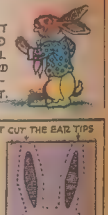
ALL OF A SUDDEN THEY'LL BEGIN TO MOVE AND GRADUALLY, THE ENDS WILL COME TOGETHER TO FORM A FIVE-POINT STAR.

A. W. NUGENT

DON'T CUT THE EAR TIPS

HOW TO MAKE A DONKEY MASK. ALL YOU NEED IS A LARGE ORDINARY PAPER BAG THAT WILL FIT OVER YOUR HEAD WHEN OPENED.

TURN THE BAG UPSIDE DOWN AND DRAW THE DONKEY'S HEAD ON THE BAG AS SHOWN. CUT OUT THE EYES AND ALSO AROUND THE EARS ONLY ON THE DOTTED LINES AND PASTE THE PAPER TOGETHER ON THE EDGES WHERE YOU CUT IT



Lots of More Magic in the August Issue, On Sale July 1st

MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard

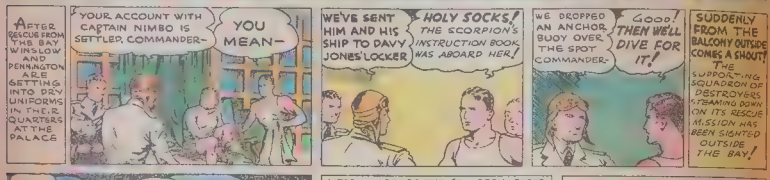
OH BOY! WOTTA BEAUTY!
YES SIR- A GENUINE BUSHWHACKER'S BOOMERANG, THE WEAPON OF THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES
I THINK I'LL BUY IT FOR TH KID BROTHER
I ALWAYS WANTED ONE OF THESE TH NGS MYSELF
I'M SORRY
WELL, YOU'LL BE A DARN SIGHT SORRIER IF YOU DO THAT AGAIN
IF THAT GABBY GUY'S FOLLER N' ME LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE I JEST FEEL N TH' HUMOR TO ACCOMMODATE HIM
WELL, HE DIDN'T STOP SO I GUESS HE DON'T WANTA MAKE NOTH NG OF IT.
WHAT'S THAT, MOON?
THAT THERE'S A AUSTRALIAN BOOMERANG, KAYO- LOOK! WHEN YOU THROW IT, IT'LL COME RIGHT BACK TO YOU!
GEE!
THAT'S FUNNY, IT WENT AROUND THAT HOUSE.
WELL, WHEN'S IT COMIN' BACK?
BOP! POP! ZOK!
OW! MY HEAD HURTS
GIMME THAT THING!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME BRUDDER MOON.
POW!
YAS, MY MONEY BACK! THIS THING'S TOO DANGEROUS FOR LITTLE KIDS TO PLAY WITH

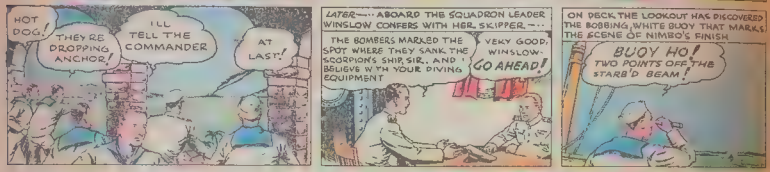
KITTY HIGGINS

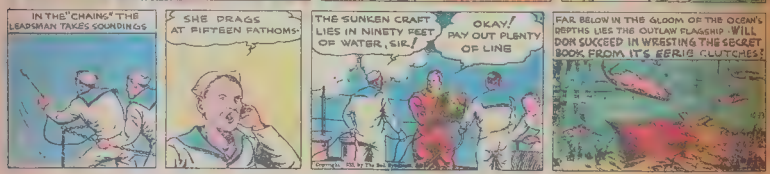
WHAT! JUST ICE CREAM AND CAKE
WHERE'S THE CHICKEN?
WHAT! NO CHICKEN? AND I HEARD YOU TELLING THE ASH MAN YOU WAS SERVING SOME OLD HENS AT LUNCH!

Scouting with the U.S.S.R.

by LIEUT·COMDR F.V.MARTINEK U.S.N.R and LEON A BEROTH

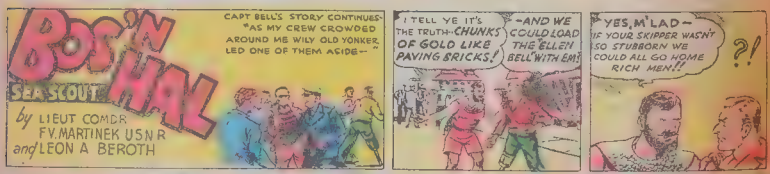

AFTER RESCUE FROM THE BAY WINSLOW AND PENNINGTON ARE GETTING INTO DRY UNIFORMS IN THEIR QUARTERS AT THE PALACE
YOUR ACCOUNT WITH CAPTAIN NIMBO IS SETTLED, COMMANDER-
YOU MEAN-
WE'VE SENT HIM AND HIS SHIP TO DAVY JONES'LOCKER
HOLY SOCKS! THE SCORPION'S INSTRUCTION BOOK WAS ABOARD HER!
WE DROPPED AN ANCHOR BUOY OVER THE SPOT COMMANDER-
GOOD! THEN WE'LL DIVE FOR IT!
SUDDENLY FROM THE BALCONY OUTSIDE COMES A SHOUT! THE SUPPORTING SQUADRON OF DESTROYERS STEAMING DOWN ON ITS RESCUE MISSION, HAS BEEN SIGHTED OUTSIDE THE BAY!

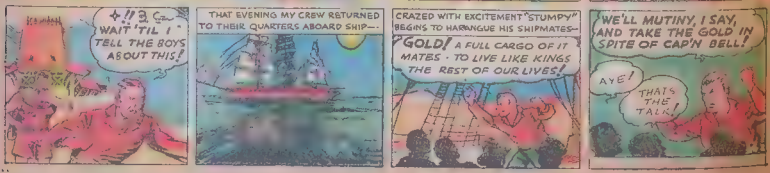

HOT DOG! THEY'RE DROPPING ANCHOR!
I'LL TELL THE COMMANDER
AT LAST!
LATER--- ABOARD THE SQUADRON LEADER WINSLOW CONFERS WITH HER SKIPPER.---
THE BOMBERS MARKED THE SPOT WHERE THEY SANK THE SCORPION'S SHIP SIR, AND I BELIEVE WITH YOUR DIVING EQUIPMENT
VERY GOOD, WINSLOW. GO AHEAD!
ON DECK, THE LOOKOUT HAS DISCOVERED THE BOBBING, WHITE BUOY THAT MARKS THE SCENE OF NIMBO'S FINISH
BUOY HO! TWO POINTS OFF THE STARB'D BEAM!


IN THE "CHAINS" THE LEADSMAN TAKES SOUNDINGS
SHE DRAGS AT FIFTEEN FATHOMS-
THE SUNKEN CRAFT LIES IN NINETY FEET OF WATER, SIR!
OKAY! PAY OUT PLENTY OF LINE
FAR BELOW IN THE GLOOM OF THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS LIES THE OUTLAW FLAGSHIP. WILL DON SUCCEED IN WRESTING THE SECRET BOOK FROM IT'S EERIE CLUTCHES?

Bos'n Hal Sea Scout

by LIEUT COMDR F.V.MARTINEK USNR and LEON A BEROTH


CAPT BELL'S STORY CONTINUES- "AS MY CREW CROWDED AROUND ME WILY OLD YONKER LED ONE OF THEM ASIDE--"
I TELL YE IT'S THE TRUTH- CHUNKS OF GOLD LIKE PAVING BRICKS!
-AND WE COULD LOAD THE ELLEN BELL WITH EM!
YES, M'LAD- IF YOUR SKIPPER WASN'T SO STUBBORN WE COULD ALL GO HOME RICH MEN!
?!


WAIT 'TIL I TELL THE BOYS ABOUT THIS!
THAT EVENING MY CREW RETURNED TO THEIR QUARTERS ABOARD SHIP---
CRAZED WITH EXCITEMENT "STUMPY" BEGINS TO HARANGUE HIS SHIPMATES-
GOLD! A FULL CARGO OF IT MATES · TO LIVE LIKE KINGS THE REST OF OUR LIVES!
WE'LL MUTINY, I SAY, AND TAKE THE GOLD IN SPITE OF CAP'N BELL!
AYE!
THAT'S THE TALK!

Deep Water Hero

by LIEUT COMDR F.V. MARTINEK U.S.N.R and LEON A BEROTH

WINSLOW IS GOING OVER THE DESTROYER'S SIDE IN AN ATTEMPT TO RECOVER THE SCORPION'S MYSTERIOUS INSTRUCTION BOOK FROM THE OUTLAW SHIP NINETY FEET BELOW.. NOTE- THE TYPE OF DIVING SUIT SHOWN HAS NO AIR HOSE, THE WEARER BREATHING A COMPRESSED OXYGEN MIXTURE CARRIED ON HIS BACK IN CYLINDERS

BETTER NOT STAY UNDER LONG, COMMANDER—YOU AIN'T USED TO THE PRESSURE DOWN THERE

ALL RIGHT, I'LL MAKE IT SNAPPY

SHALL I HEAVE OVER A SHOT ROPE, SIR?

NO, SIR— HE'LL GO DOWN THE ANCHOR CHAIN

HAND OVER HAND DOWN WE PS DOWN INTO THE DEEP AN.) GLOOM— SOON THE SHIP'S KEEL DISAPPEARS ABOVE H.M.-

THE OCEAN FLOOR AT LAST— BUT WHAT'S DRAGGING ME ALONG? GOSH! THERE MUST BE A TERRIFIC UNDERTOW DOWN HERE!

THE SUNKEN SHIP HAS PROBABLY BEEN CARRIED DOWN CURRENT—

YES! THERE IT IS AHEAD—WEDGED AGAINST SOME ROCKS!

NOW TO CRAWL ABOARD AND HUNT FOR THAT BOOK—MY ELECTRIC LAMP'S HANDY HERE—

UP ON THE SURFACE THE DESTROYER'S CREW IS WATCHFULLY STANDING BY—

HELLO, DON— YOU'VE LOCATED THE WRECK? THAT'S SWELL!

I'M GOING ABOARD AFTER THAT BOOK—GOT TO BE CAREFUL— IN THIS TERRIFIC UNDERTOW I'M AFRAID OF FOULING MY ROPES AGAINST SOME OF THESE JAGGED—

SNAP!

HELLO HELLO! GOSH! HIS LINE'S SNAPPED!

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO DON? IS HE TRAPPED IN THE TWISTED HULK OF NIMBO'S CRAFT? OR IS HE BEING DRAGGED HELPLESSLY ALONG THE OCEAN FLOOR BY THE TERRIFIC CURRENT— FURTHER AND FURTHER FROM HOPE OF RESCUE?

WHAT'S TO BE DONE? THERE'S A SURPRISE IN NEXT - EPISODE!

BOB 'N HAL

SEA SCOUTS

by LIEUT COMDR F.V. MARTINEK U.S.N.R and LEON A BEROTH

"COMING ABOARD MY SHIP THAT NIGHT I FOUND STUMPY INCITING SOME OF THE CREW TO MUTINY."

THE TIME'S COME TO USE FORCE, MEN

YER RIGHT MATE!

BELAY, YOU SCOUNDREL! I'LL HAVE NO MUTINY ABOARD THIS SHIP THROW THAT MAN INTO THE BRIG!!

AS SOME OF THE CREW LOYALLY SPRANG TO OBEY MY ORDER A BATTLE ENSUED—

AVAST! HANDS OFF!

SUDDENLY WE FOUND OURSELVES FACING GUNS— SOME OF THE REBELS HAD ROBBED THE SHIP'S ARSENAL!

THROW UP YER HANDS, CAP'N!

GET DOWN BELOW YOU SWABS! YOU'RE OUR PRISONERS!

WE'RE AT THEIR MERCY, BOYS— HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW!

NEXT CAP'N YONKERS TO LAPH

Next issue of Popular Comics on sale everywhere, Wednesday, July 1st

Don Winslow U.S.N.

by LIEUT. COMDR. F V MARTINEK U.S.N.R. and LEON A. BEROTH

THIS IS TERRIBLE! — WINSLOWS LINES MUST HAVE BEEN FOULED AGAINST SOME JAGGED OBJECT AS HE CLIMBED ABOARD THE SUNKEN WRECK!

I'VO... VOLUNTEER TO RESCUE WINSLOW, PENNINGTON? WHAT'S YOUR PLAN? — I'M CARRYING DOUBLE WEIGHT, SIR—I BELIEVE I CAN SAFELY RESIST THE UNDERTOW.

DISDAINING THE ANCHOR CHAIN RED DROPS SWIFTLY TOWARD THE BOTTOM-

IN THE MEANTIME WHAT HAPPENED TO DON WINSLOW? AS DON STRUGGLED THROUGH A HOLE IN THE HULL OF THE SUNKEN SHIP THE SWIFT CURRENT WHIPPED HIM AGAINST A PIECE OF BROKEN METAL CUTTING HIS LINES OF COMMUNICATION WITH THE DESTROYER--

HOLY MACKEREL! NOW I'M IN FOR IT—I'M A PRISONER IN THIS GRISLY PLACE!

I'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR RESCUE--MEANWHILE I'LL HUNT FOR THAT BOOK OF THE SCORPIONS INSTRUCTIONS TO CAPTAIN NIMBO

THIS WAS NIMBO'S CABIN AND THERE'S HIS SAFE PARTLY OPEN— I WONDER IF—

OH, BOY! HERE IT IS! —AND NOT YET BADLY DAMAGED BY WATER!

SUDDENLY OVER HIS SHOULDER DON GLIMPSES A BIG OBJECT MOVING TOWARDS HIM!

A TALL CREATURE ENCASED IN STRANGE UNDERWATER GARB, POISED TO STRIKE!

WH-WHAT'S THIS?

AS HE GRAPPLES WITH THE STRANGE MONSTER DON SUDDENLY REALIZES ITS IDENTITY!

IT'S CAPTAIN NIMBO!

HAS DON FALLEN INTO A SCORPION TRAP? WILL OTHER OUTLAWS SURVIVED TO JOIN IN THE ATTACK? WATCH THE NEXT EPISODE!

BOS'N HAL

SEA SCOUT

by LIEUT COMDR F V MARTINEK USNR and LEON A BEROTH

CAPT. BELL'S LOG CONTINUES: WHEN THE MUTINEERS HAD IMPRISONED US IN THE FOR CASTLE THEY SET OUT FOR SHORE WHERE I WONDER WAS WAITING.

IT WAS THE DEAD OF NIGHT WHEN THEY RETURNED TO THE VILLAGE AND ENTERED THE TRAM STATION

WHERE AWAY MATE?

SH-H-H NO NOISE— WE'RE AFTER THE TREASURE, M'LADS!

SOON A SUCCESSION OF CARS WAS GLIDING SWIFTLY UP THE MOUNTAIN

IN THE DEEP SHADOWS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE MINE THE CONSPIRATORS HALTED---

THE GOLD IS STORED IN THAT BUILDING YONDER- BE READY TO DEAL WITH THE GUARD WHEN I CALL HIM OUTSIDE!

COME HERE A MOMENT FRIEND- CHEETO MEESA!

KEE WA!

THE GUARD CAME UNSUSPECTINGLY FORWARD AND WAS OVERPOWERED-

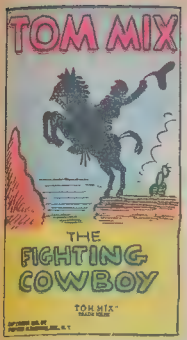
GAG HIM AND TIE HIM FAST.

THEN AT LAST- THE GOLD!

ENOUGH, MATES- THIS IS ALL WE CAN HANDLE— WE MUST GET THIS SAFE ABOARD SHIP BEFORE DAWN

CONTINUED

See what else happens—in our next issue



IF WE'RE GOING TO DOWN THAT ROUGH CONWAY GANG," SAID TOM TO COL. WHITE, CLENCHING HIS FIST, "WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT TO GETHER"——

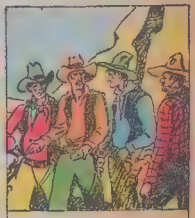
THE COLONEL CALLED IN THREE OF HIS BEST MEN" I THINK I'VE FOUND THE HIDDEN CORRAL WHERE CONWAY'S RUNNING OUR STOCK," TOM TOLD THEM.

THESE MEN, ALL HARDENED COWBOYS WITH YEARS OF EXPERIENCE RIDING THE PLAINS OF TEXAS, LISTENED EAGERLY TO TOM'S PLANS, IMPATIENT TO BE OFF.

THEY RODE AWAY WITH AN EASY GAIT, SAVING THEIR HORSES' STRENGTH. FOR HOURS THEY FOLLOWED A TRAIL ACROSS THE PLAINS TO THE GREAT FOOTHILLS.

AT LAST TOM HALTED HIS MEN. "SOMEBODY IS RUNNING CATTLE THROUGH THAT PASS," HE SAID, POINTING. THEY DISMOUNTED AND SILENTLY WENT FORWORD ON FOOT.

TOM CAUTIOUSLY CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF A GREAT ROCK. BEFORE HIM WERE HIDDEN CORRALS THAT COULD ONLY BE REACHED THROUGH THE NARROW PASS.



HE PEERED OVER THE ROCK. JUST BELOW MEN WERE TALKING. TOM RECOGNIZED HIS CAPTORS OF THE DAY BEFORE. THEY WERE DISCUSSING HIS ESCAPE

DUNHAM WAS EVIDENTLY ANGRY. "WITH THAT HOMBRE BACK REPORTING OUR ACTIVITIES, TOM HEARD HIM SAY. "WE'RE NONE OF US SAFE FROM THE ROPE!"

TOM REPORTED WHAT HE HAD HEARD TO HIS MEN. "HE WANTS TO CAPTURE THE CIRCLE-W BY TOMORROW NIGHT, BOYS. WE MUST SAVE IT."

HE JUMPED INTO HIS SADDLE AND TONY WAS OFF LIKE THE WIND. "LET'S SEE HOW FAST WE CAN GET BACK TO THE RANCH," HE SHOUTED.

BACK AT THE RANCH TOM TOLD COL. WHITE OF CONWAY'S PLANS. "I KNEW THEY WERE THIEVES," SAID THE COLONEL, "BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE WARFARE"

Be sure to get the next issue on sale everywhere Wednesday, July 1st

LITTLE FOLKS
BY JACK KNIGHT
MY COUSIN BARBRA IS A BOOK KEEPER!
WHERE BAXTER?
OVER AT THE LIBRARY!
YOU MEAN SHE'S A LIBRARIAN!
NEXT TO EATING I'D RATHER READ! PAPA SAYS I'M A REG'LAR BOOKWORM!
GEE! IT MUST BE HARD FOR YOU TO WIGGLE THROUGH A STORY!
I'M SO BOOKISH I'D LIKE TO BUY A WHOLE BOOK STORE FOR MYSELF!
BUT FIRST YOU'D NEED A POCKET BOOK!
WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE BOOK, HORACE?
AN' A CHECK BOOK!
I'LL BET IT'S THE COOK BOOK!
IT IS NOT! I LIKE MYSTERY STORIES BEST!
THEN YOU OUGHT TO READ THE BOOK MY MOTHER HAS -- SEVENTEEN MYSTERIES, ALL IN ONE VOLUME!
I WONDER IF I COULD BORROW IT, KITTY?
OF COURSE! YOU CAN!
I HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY THIS... IT'S MY FATHER'S FAVORITE MYSTERY!
17 WAYS TO MAKE HASH
BE MARRIED FROM THE ALTAR BY AUBURN INCLINATION
BABY SISTER!
BOOM!
"WHAT'S THAT? A DRUM? OH! IT MUST BE A BOOM!"
BOOM!
"I WONDER WHAT MAKES IT SAY BOOM?"
"I'LL BET THE BOOM IS INSIDE!"
BOOM!
PLOP!
"HEY! WHERE'S THE BOOM?"
JACK KNIGHT

More Adventures of Little Folks Next Month

GINGER
by Bancks
NIGHT-TIME NERVES
YOUR FATHER AND I ARE GOING OVER TO MRS BLAKE'S PLACE WILL YOU BE FRIGHTENED IF WE LEAVE YOU HERE BY YOURSELF
AH HA' LIKE FUN I'LL BE FRIGHTENED WHAT'S THERE TO BE FRIGHTENED OF'
FRIGHTENED. THAT'S FUNNY I'LL HAVE A BIT OF A READ AND THEN GO UP TO BED
RALPH LOOKED UP AND HIS BLOOD FROZE. HE TRIED TO CALL OUT BUT NO SOUND CAME FROM HIS LIPS'
GHOST STORIES
'THE WRAITH-LIKE FIGURE MOVED TOWARDS HIM. A LONG THIN FLESHLESS HAND REACHED OUT NEARER NEARER. IT CAME, AND THEN ——
WH— WHAT'S THAT WH— WHO'S THERE'
TAP' TAP'
C-COME OUT IF YOU'RE GAME I-I'VE GOT A AXE AND A REVOLVER HERE
IT'S-IT'S NOBODY' I— I'LL GET UP TO BED''
DONG'
OW'
IMAGINATION
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF GOING TO BED WITH ALL YOUR CLOTHES ON
AR-ER-AR YOU KNOW HOW TIRED A FELLER GETS MUM

Believe It or Not

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By Robert L. Ripley

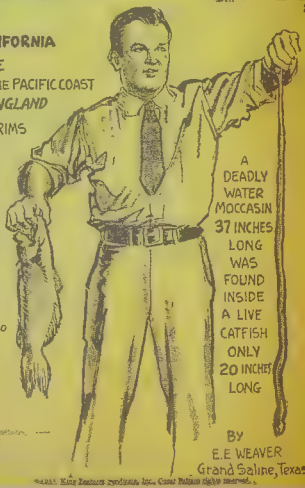
W. J. BERGMANN—FR.SCO RR AGENT SOLD TICKET #777 TRAIN #7 BERTH #7—CAR #7—ON APRIL 7 TO MR. "GOLDMAN" (7 LETTERS) FROM ST. LOUIS (7 LETTERS) TO FT. WORTH (7 LETTERS)

NEW ENGLAND WAS CALIFORNIA

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE DISCOVERED AND NAMED THE PACIFIC COAST "Nova Albion"—NEW ENGLAND 40 YRS. BEFORE THE PILGRIMS LANDED ON THE ATLANTIC COAST!

SIGNATURE OF WALKERS SHIPLEY Columbus, Ohio

BEER KEG GRAVESTONE Necedah, Wis.



A DEADLY WATER MOCCASIN 37 INCHES LONG WAS FOUND INSIDE A LIVE CATFISH ONLY 20 INCHES LONG

BY E.E. WEAVER Grand Saline, Texas

Copyright, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.

SMOKEY
By Bill Holman
YOU STAY OUT OF HERE!
FLEA CIRCUS
HEY, FIREMAN - WHERE'S THAT DOG'S MUZZLE?
HE HASN'T ANY DEAR E!
WELL PUT ONE ON HIM, PRECIOUS - OR I'LL GIVE YOU A TICKET!
JUST AS YOU SAY - CUTIE!
LISLE HOSE CO
HOLD STILL 'BLAZER!
O.K. - TOOTS?
O.K.
HO HUM
I'LL TEACH YOU TO PAINT A MUZZLE ON YOUR DOG!

Be sure to get the next issue on sale everywhere Wednesday, July 1st

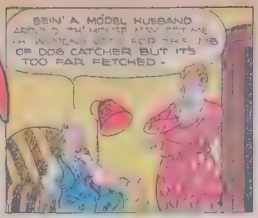
WHITE BOY IN SKULL VALLEY
SYLVIA, QUEEN OF THE CIRCUS HAS BEEN RESCUED FROM HER CAPTORS BY BOB WHITE, DORIS AND THE ELEPHANT WHICH HURLED ONE OF THE OUTLAWS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CANYON AT THE VERY FEET OF HIS COMPANIONS WHO SWEAR VENGEANCE
ONE OF THOSE DUST STORMS IS COMING UP ! WE MUST GET DOWN TO LOWER GROUND IN A HURRY !
MIGHT AS WELL SAVE MY LEAD — I COULDN'T HIT A THING IN THIS ΣΣ WIND
NO TIME TO LOSE!
DUST, OH, MY COMPLEXION !
IF WE DON'T SPEED UP WE WILL BE BLOWN INTO THE CANYON !
NOW IN THE CANYON BELOW THEY CROUCH AGAINST THE ROCKS SYLVIA BREATHES THROUGH HER HAIR TO STRAIN OUT THE DUST —
I SAY I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN FIND US A MORE PROTECTED SPOT !
CAN'T HEAR
CHOKING, BLINDED, DEAFENED, BOB GROPES HIS WAY ALONG THE CANYON WALL — HE FEELS SOMETHING CLAMMY — HE HAS PLACED HIS HAND ON THAT OF A DEAD MAN
HE STAGGERS ON — SUDDENLY HIS OUTSTRETCHED HAND TOUCHES THE BUTT OF A REVOLVER
SLOWLY HE PULLS THE WEAPON FROM ITS HOLSTER —
WHEN THE AIR STARTS TO CLEAR THE OUTLAWS FIND THEMSELVES FACING THE MUZZLE OF A GUN —
ONE FALSE MOVE AND—

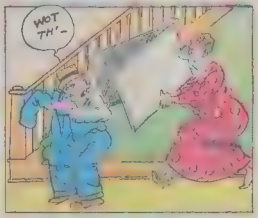
HAROLD TEEN
WHAT HO! MY FRAU - YOU LOOK LIKE A WALKIN' BAKERY WAGON!
YOP! LILLUMS BAKED A CAKE PE AND A FLOCK OF COOKIES! M M M!
O'BOY! O'BOY! A VIRGIN FOOD STRIKE! BUT HOW TO KEEP TH' HUNGRY HORDE FROM MY PRECIOUS CACHE?
WHOA! WHAT HO! SAY NOT SO! - BUT I WILL SAY SO!
MEASLES
ASHES
LILLUMS, MY LUSCIOUS ONE - A GROWIN MAN NEEDS VITAMINS, A, B, C, D, AN' Y! I HEAR YOU HAVE PREPARED DELICIOUS VIANDS!
BLARNEY!
I DIDN'T HAVE SUCH GOOD LUCK WITH MY CAKE!
ZIT SO? EVERY CRUMB WHICH HAS PASSED MY TONSILS, IS FIT FOOD FOR TH' ANTJLS! YOUSAH!
NOPE. AIN'T SEEN HIDEN'S HAIR OF GROWIN' PAINS!
I GOT A HUNCH! THEY IS ONLY ONE OTHER PLACE HE CHISELS EATS AT LAMBIES HOUSE
M-M! DIESN' CAKES!
HEY! HEY! WE EAT!
WHOA!
MEASLES KEEP OUT!
WE BEEN ARGUING A HALF AN HOUR! BEEZIE, YOU GO IN AND SEE WHO'S GOT IT!
WHO, ME? NOZZIR! I DON WANT NO MIZZLES! NOT ME!
ME NEITHER
THANKS FOR TH' PIE, CAKE AN' ICE CREAM!
SH-H-H!
I'M SO CLEVAH, I SLAY MYSELF! - ONE MIZZLES SIGN A DAY - KEEPS TH' WOLVES AWAY!
MEASLES KEEP OUT!
OIY-YOI!
LISSEN - RED RIDING HOOD! I AIN'T GONNA GET AWAY FROM THESE WOLVES!

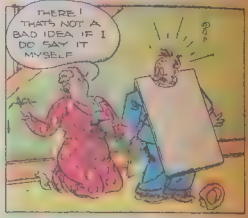
Be sure to get the next issue on sale everywhere Wednesday, July 1st

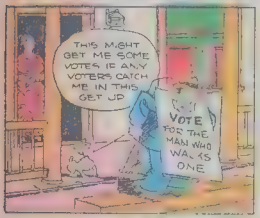
Mort Green & Wife

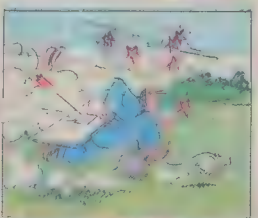
by - GAAR WILLIAMS -

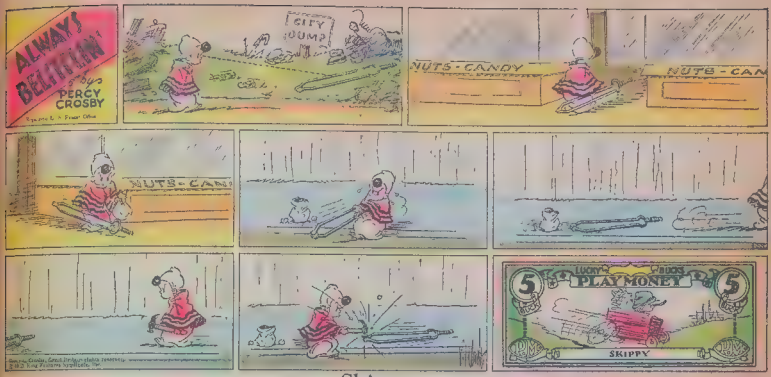




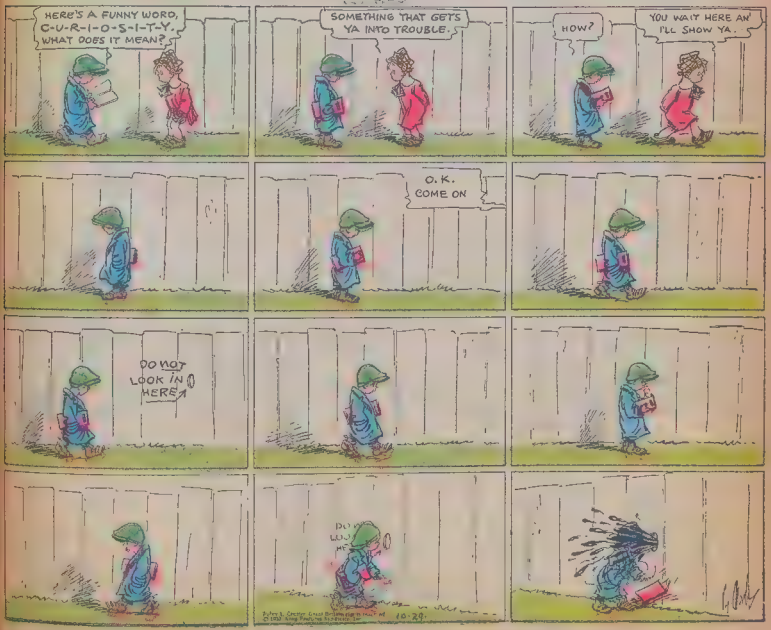






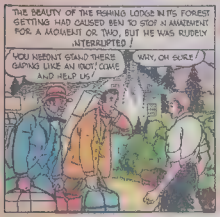

ALWAYS BELIEVIN'
BY PERCY CROSBY
CITY DUMP
NUTS - CANDY
NUTS - CANDY
NUTS - CAN
LUCKY BUCKS
PLAYMONEY
5
SKIPPY

Skippy


HERE'S A FUNNY WORD, C-U-R-I-O-S-I-T-Y. WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
SOMETHING THAT GETS YA INTO TROUBLE.
HOW?
YOU WAIT HERE AN' I'LL SHOW YA.
O. K. COME ON
DO NOT LOOK IN HERE!
10-29.

Ben Webster's Page

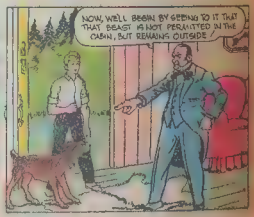
BY EDWIN ALGER


THE BEAUTY OF THE FISHING LODGE IN ITS FOREST SETTING HAD CAUSED BEN TO STOP IN AMAZEMENT FOR A MOMENT OR TWO, BUT HE WAS RUDELY INTERRUPTED!
YOU NEEDN'T STAND THERE GAPING LIKE AN IDIOT! COME AND HELP US!
WAIT, OH GOSH!

T'S NOT FOR ME TO SAY PERHAPS, BUT THAT WAS HARDLY A WAY IN WHICH TO ADDRESS THE YOUNG MASTER-
YOUNG MASTER, BAH! NO MORE THE YOUNG MASTER THAN YOU OR I, GIMPKINS!

AND NOW, GIMPKINS, MY INSTRUCTIONS WERE FOR YOU TO RETURN WITH THE CAR, LEAVING ME HERE ALONE WITH THE LAD—BUT SAY NOTHING TO MR. OR MRS. BRYAN OF WHAT I HAVE TOLD YOU—UNDERSTAND?

VERY WELL, SIR, BUT—
NO "BUTS" ABOUT IT, GIMPKINS! YOU, TOO, ARE MENTIONED IN THE MASTER'S WILL, BUT WITH THIS IMPOSTER ON THE JOB WE'LL ALL LOSE OUT!

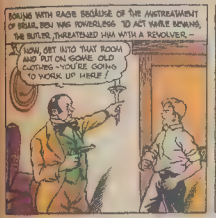


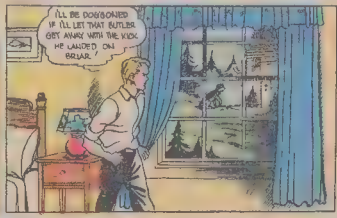
—WHAT I SAY GOES FROM NOW ON—AND I'LL TELL YOU IN ADVANCE THAT I'M GOING TO SAY PLENTY AND PERHAPS IS PLENTY TO YOU!
NEXT
THE TWO PRISONERS

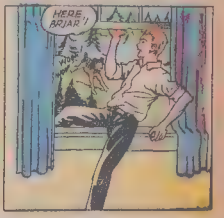
Continued on Next Page—More in Next Issue

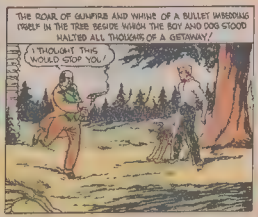
Ben Webster's Page

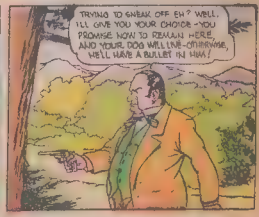
BY EDWIN ALGER


RAVING WITH RAGE BECAUSE OF THE MISTREATMENT OF BRIAR, BEN WAS POWERLESS TO ACT WHILE BEHIND, THE BUTLER, THREATENED HIM WITH A REVOLVER.—
NOW, GET INTO THAT ROOM AND PUT ON SOME OLD CLOTHES—YOU'RE GOING TO WORK UP HERE!

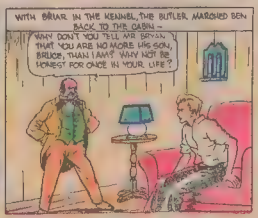


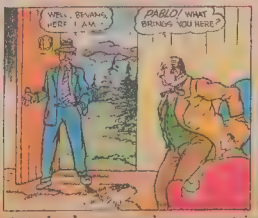



THE ROAR OF GUNFIRE AND WHINE OF A BULLET WHEEDING ITSELF IN THE TREE BESIDE WHICH THE BOY AND DOG STOOD HALTED ALL THOUGHTS OF A GETAWAY!
I THOUGHT THIS WOULD STOP YOU.

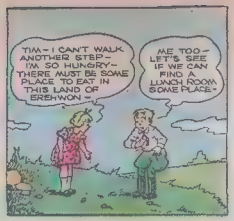

TRYING TO SNEAK OFF EH? WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR CHOICE—YOU PROMISE NOW TO REMAIN HERE, AND YOUR DOG WILL LIVE—OTHERWISE, WELL HAVE A BULLET IN HIM!

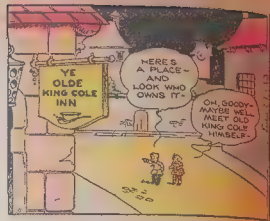
I'LL DO ANYTHING TO KEEP YOU FROM KILLING MY DOG, BUT I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR THREATENING TO DO IT—
VERY WELL, THE DOG GOES TO THE KENNEL!

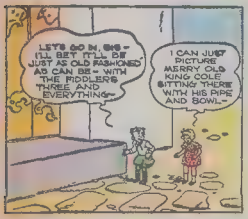

WITH BRIAR IN THE KENNEL, THE BUTLER MARCHED BEN BACK TO THE CABIN—
WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME BRYAN, THAT YOU ARE NO MORE MR. SON BRUCE, THAN I AM? WHY NOT BE HONEST FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE?

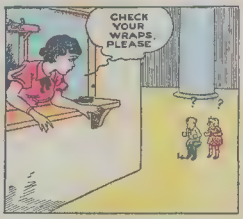


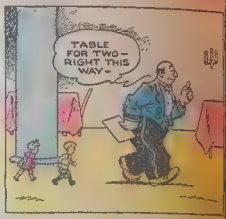
See what else happens—in our next issue

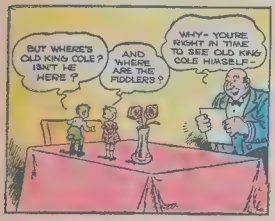

TIM – I CAN'T WALK ANOTHER STEP – I'M SO HUNGRY – THERE MUST BE SOME PLACE TO EAT IN THIS LAND OF FREEMOON –
ME TOO – LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND A LUNCH ROOM SOME PLACE –




LET'S GO IN, SIS – I'LL BET IT'LL BE JUST AS OLD FASHIONED AS CAN BE – WITH THE FIDDLER'S THREE AND EVERYTHING –
I CAN JUST PICTURE MERRY OLD KING COLE SITTING THERE WITH HIS PIPE AND BOWL –







BOYS & GIRLS
THROW YOUR VOICE
10c
with CLAXOPHONE under the table, back of a door, into a trunk, desk in school, any old place. Big FUN fooling Peddlers, Policemen, Friends. Claxophone says on your tongue unseen, always ready to use by anyone. Imt. birds, etc. Claxophone with full instructions, a set of Secret Writing Tricks, also Magic Dial Trick, all for 10c, 3 for 25c
A surprise package of tricks free with 25c order
CLAXO TRICK CO.
Dept. 22, New Haven, Conn.

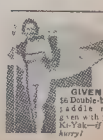
BOYS! GIRLS! GROWN-UPS!

See the special vacation subscription offer on the last page of this issue!

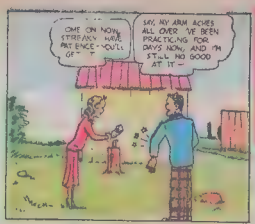
Please mention Popular Comics when writing to advertisers in this issue.

FILMS DEVELOPED
Any size 25 cents coin including two enlargements. Work guaranteed — Service prompt. CENTURY PHOTO SERVICE. Box 829, LaCrosse, Wis.

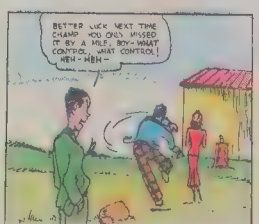
[illegible] by the method that has developed hundreds successfully. Send name, address, age and 6c. in stamps for chart to test your ability. Landon School, 840 Nat. Bldg., Cleve., O.



BIG MONEY Assembling
[illegible]
Making money on each 20 lb. Vest KO-VAK you ready-assemble & sell from complete "cut to fit" kit at amazing LOW COST! Seeworthy Fan Outfit starting about (Complete Sales Rig, a few dollars extra) Rush 10c for illustrated folder and \$5 Profit CALCULATOR
MEAD GLIDERS, 15 S. Market, Dept. PC-7, CHICAGO, ILL.


COME ON NOW, STREAKY— HAVE PATIENCE—YOU'LL GET IT
SAY, MY ARM ACHES ALL OVER—I'VE BEEN PRACTICING FOR DAYS NOW, AND I'M STILL NO GOOD AT IT—

WELL, WELL— JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP OVER FOR MY DAILY LAUGH, WATCHING YOU LEARN TO PITCH LEFT HANDED—OH WITH THE SHOW NOW, KEEP THE AUDIENCE AMUSED—



OH HO HO HO HA HA HA—THAT BIG HEAD OF HIS MADE A PERFECT TARGET—HAW HAW! HA HA HO HO HO
HA-HA HA HA OH DEAR— WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T PITCH A LITTY DO— HA HA HA

Next issue on sale Wednesday, July 1st

COMPLETE HARMONICA INSTRUCTION BOOK

HARMONICA PLAYING MADE EASY

Every boy and girl will want one of these new Instruction Books. Written in such an easy simple way as to be understood by the youngest child, it takes you—step by step—right from the correct way to blow each single note up to the point where you can play complete selections. Tells how to organize a Harmonica Band. Explains the different kinds of Harmonicas and their uses

Mail coupon for this instruction book today—it's absolutely Free.

IT'S FREE MAIL COUPON TODAY!

M. HOHNER, Inc., 351 Fourth Ave., New York City

M. HOHNER, Inc. *Dept.* 980-C
351 Fourth Ave., New York City
Please send me your new Instruction Book

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Address Canadian inquiries to
Hough & Kohler, Ltd., 468 King St. W., Toronto

NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER!

"X-RAY" CURIO

PRIDE

"Silver Only"

BIG FUN. You apparently see thru Clothes, Wood, Stone, any object. See Bones in Flesh. FREE PACKAGE radio pictures. Take pictures without camera. "You'll like 'em." 1 Package with each 50c order. MARVEL MFG. CO., Dept. 21, New Haven, Conn.

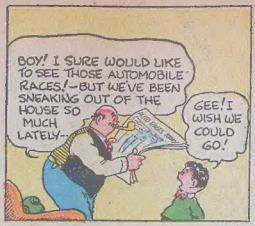
Repeating Air Rifle

AMAZING NEW repeating air rifle shoots 150 B B shot. Looks from handle. Just the thing for hunters and trappers. Shoots any kind of BB shot. More powerful than an air rifle. Send $2.50 in coin, money order or stamps (coins and stamps preferred) for one of these REPEATERS.

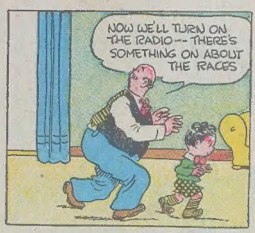
THE SLINGO CORP.
Dept. PC-7, Toledo, Ohio

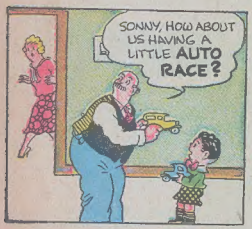
Let Me Tell You

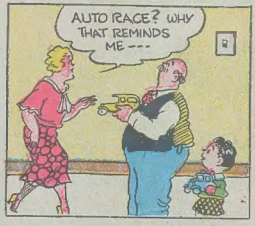
About your business, travel, changes, matrimony, love affairs, friends, enemies, lucky days and many other interesting and important affairs of your life as indicated by astrology. Send for your special Astral Reading. All work strictly scientific, individual and guaranteed satisfactory. FOR MANY YEARS PRIVATE ASTROLOGICAL ADVISER TO ROYALTY and the ELITE. Write name, address and date of birth plainly. No money required, but if you like send 20 cents (stamps; no coins) to help defray costs. Address: PUNDIT TABORE, (Dept. 498), Upper Forjett Street, BOMBAY VII, BRITISH INDIA. Postage to India is 9 cents.


BOY! I SURE WOULD LIKE TO SEE THOSE AUTOMOBILE RACES!—BUT WE'VE BEEN SNEAKING OUT OF THE HOUSE SO MUCH LATELY—
GEE! I WISH WE COULD GO!

I HAVEN'T GOT THE NERVE TO ASK HER—BUT MAYBE IF WE HINTED ABOUT IT, SHE'D LET US GO— I'LL LEAVE THIS PAPER AROUND WHERE SHE CAN SEE IT—







SPECIAL VACATION OFFER

No doubt many of our readers will be leaving soon for seashore, or mountains or camps throughout the country for your vacation.

Many of you therefore, will be spending your summer in certain localities where it may be difficult for you to get the next three issues of POPULAR COMICS.

Since we do not want you to miss a single issue of America's newest, funniest and fastest-growing magazine, we are making this special vacation offer. Send 35c in stamps, check or money order (don't send cash), and we will mail you the next three issues post-paid each month just as soon as they come out. Send in your order at once (or as soon as you know where you will be this summer), writing your name and address very plainly, to **POPULAR COMICS, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.** Meanwhile, happy vacation days to all of you—make them happier with POPULAR COMICS!

TALK-SING-PLAY thru your own radio

BROADCAST your voice on programs coming through your radio set—make announcements from any part of house (even your bedroom) or yard. Distinct wire records are made anywhere you take it. Not a toy. Weighs 7 lbs. Not to be confused with toys. Perfect for put on own programs at home, parties, clubs, etc. Barrels of fun! Easy to operate.

Price 25c POSTPAID

Johnson Smith & Co.
Dept. 520, Detroit, Mich.

CRYSTAL RADIO 25c

This is a radio in itself, as it is possible to get reception with it (some within a radius of a mile). Needs no batteries or other power conditioners. All you need is an aerial & earphone. Completely assembled and wired, with unpowered set, crystal, stand, base, etc. Has a tuning coil & a hobby-set. Reception guaranteed. Only 25c post-paid.

RADIO BOOK

Tells how to make inexpensive crystal set, electric set, battery set, how to get free stations, police calls, etc. Only 10c, post.

LEARN TO VAMP

Play The Piano Without Lessons

Would you like to play the piano or organ without going through the drudgery of learning notes and keys and without taking lessons? Then the following future is a great deal for you. Simplified method, which, after a little practice, enables you to play the popular melodies of the day by memory. Complete with words and music. Price 15c postpaid.

10c How to LOVE

Every normal being is misled by the call of romance and passion. When love comes to the lovers realize how inadequate is the language at their command to express the depths of the emotions that are throbbing in their hearts. It is to soothe this craving that the love-lorn that this work has been compiled. Read this work and profit! Only 10c postpaid. Send for special catalog 10 cents.

FRENCH PHOTO RING 25c

A handsome ring, finished in imitation platinum, and set with a large imitation diamond. The mounting is so made that a small photograph can be mounted directly in the raised eye, not magnified at all as in most rings. Size of the eye, 1/2 inch. Pictures of bathing girl beauties, famous actresses, your sweetheart, loved ones, or Lord's Prayer, every word legible. Only 25c post.

HOME BREWED WINES & BEERS

Over 100 simple recipes for making all kinds of good, wholesome wines, beers, cordials, punches, ales, gin, rum, whiskey, cordials and simple liquors. Full recipes, etc. Only 10 cents postpaid.

SILENT DEFENDER

Used by police officers, detectives, sheriffs, night watchmen as a means of protection. Small enough to fit in the hand for use in an emergency. Made of aluminum. Weighs 2 ozs. Always ready for use—pocket size. 25c each, 2 for 40c post.

250 Magic Tricks

An excellent little book containing perfect instructions for tricks with cards, coins, mesmerism, wire, paper, sleeves, etc. So simple that a child can perform them. A lively collection of tricks and games everybody.

Only 10c postpaid.

MERRY WIDOW HANKY

A perfect model of the most fashionable. Elegant garment worn by ladies, which, when not in use, can be put in the pocket. Handkerchief, 2 sizes, 10 cents per pair. Price 15 cents postpaid.

TOY MAKER 10c

Greatest how-to book written. How to make a Camera, Canoe, model Railroad, Steam Engine, Locomotive, Search-light, Kite, Microscope, Telescope, Water Wheel, Paddle Rafts, Sled, Boat, Stove, etc. 100 Illustrations. Price 10c.

DANCING SKELETON

A jointed figure of a skeleton 14 in. in height. Is operated by music and motion various graceful and comical dances. Any scholar may perform some distance from it. It will imitate all the motions of the performer. We send 10 cents. Price 25 cents postpaid.

MOTTO RINGS

Lots of harmless fun and amusement wearing these rings. Make the girls sit up and take notice! Set with motto in raised imitation diamonds, with morning or evening as illustrated. 25c each post.

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. 520, Detroit, Mich.

ELECTRIC EYE 25c

PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL

The Electric Eye—Photocell—is one of the latest scientific discoveries that has many practical uses. A few of these are: burglar alarms, door openers, alarm clocks, counting devices, etc. Used in all television sets. The minute anything comes between the photocell and what you (1) should be without this latest scientific novelty. Can also be used to detect if people by creating weird effects. Lights go off, doors bang, with a flash of light. Can be used in a dozen different ways. Complete Electric Eye, bottle (only 10 cents postpaid.

TELEPHONE SET

A Private Electric Telephone Set for Use. Use it as a practice set (learn the code) or as a transmitting and receiving). Learn the Code and Talk quickly. Be an expert operator. Has sounder, magnet, wire, battery, wooden box complete with instructions. 100 blanks, code charts, certificate, etc. ALL FOR $1.75

Boy Electrician

Add 25c to $1 for post paid and receive the Boy Electrician Book. Tells how to make Electric Motors, Telephones, Telegraphs, Batteries, Electric Bells, Burglar Alarms, Electric Toys, Electric Games, etc. Price 25 cents postpaid.

AUTO SCARE BOMB

The Auto Bomb is placed under the hood or motor of your car, and when he (or she) starts the car, the bomb will explode. The instant your car starts, the bomb will explode. A terrific report will be heard. Does not injure the car, but will scare the driver more than an insurance agent. Can be hidden in the act. Price 15c each, 3 for 40c, $1.35 per dozen. Postage and Packing Not Prepaid.

JU-JITSU

DON'T BE BULLIED

The Japanese art of self-defense. Over one million of these books and lessons are given, illustrated so that you can master them yourself. Deals fully with trips, throws, wrist locks, holds and blows against overdrawn, thrusting, stunning blows, strangle holds, etc., including a coup-de-grace, double hand throw, chin attack, defense against knife, one hand throw, etc. Different against two assailants, stomach throw, escaping from grips, serve pinches, and numerous others. Also how to overcome attacks of all circumstances and nature of weapons. Fear no man, guns or knives! Defense at its finest! Only 30 cents postpaid.

LEARN TO HYPNOTIZE

Skeptics may not can master the secret of Hypnotism. Master this fascinating power. Every student is sure to become a hypnotist. Increase the thoughts of others, control their actions, overcome your every weakness, develop your personality, etc. Only 10 cents postpaid.

WHOOPEE CUSHION

Whoopee Cushion is made of rubber, inflated, and placed on chair, couch, seat, etc. When the victim unsuspectingly sits down, the cushion lets out a loud report. Can be used time after time. Price 25c.

WONDERFUL INSTRUMENT

35c

Nine separate articles in one. Extremely interesting. Lots of pleasure and fun. Contains a powerful Microscope for examining the wonders of nature. Opera Glass, Burning Glass, Reading Glass, Telescope, Compass, Pocket Mirror and Lamp-wick Trimmer. Set fits in vest pocket. Worth its cost 10 times over. Price 35c.

SNAPPY JOKES

A big collection of the latest wise jokes by a jolly bartender for stag parties, smokers, etc. Good clean humor—get a dull page in the whole book. Don't be afraid to spring them on the ladies in your friend circle. Every one a scream. Worth a dollar's worth of fun. Bound in boards and plaid cloth. Price 10 cents postpaid. RED HOT JOKE BOOK, 25c postpaid.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS FOR GOODS ON THIS PAGE TO

JOHNSON SMITH & CO.

Dept. 520, 6615 E. Jefferson, DETROIT, MICH.

A copy of our NEW CATALOG mailed on receipt of 10c, or the Dollar Bargain Package mailed postpaid for 25c. Better than ever. Lots of novelties not found in existence. Nearly 500 articles listed. Only catalog of magic, the newest novelties, puzzles, games, sporting goods, tricks, jokes, rubber stamps, unusual and interesting books, curiosities, novelties in seeds and plants, etc., unprocurable elsewhere. *Stamps Accepted.*

LATEST CATALOG — Johnson Smith & Co.

IRWIN PROJECTOR

A Real Electric MOVING PICTURE PROJECTOR *Using* IRWIN *Safety Film*

A real Electric Movie Machine for only 50c! Shows bright, clear pictures 1 x 1½ inches. Will show on any ordinary wall. Simply hold and watch the pictures as long as you like! Uses 2 flashlight cells—obtainable anywhere. Bright, red enameled steel case, measuring 5x3x3 inches. Complete with bulb, ready to use. Takes 16 mm. film. Batteries not included. Price 50c postpaid. FILM, your choice of Polar the Cat, Wild West, Both and Sam, Ben Hur, Fatima.

NOW TO TAP DANCE

PRICE 25c

Why envy the easy rhythm and fascinating grace of Fred Astaire? Perfect your dancing in a few HOURS by new, simplified course by Prof. Wilson. No special ability needed. Be smart! Everybody dancing. It's simple as A-B-C. Learn on your own feet. Statements free. It. Friends adore it. Besides, tap dancing is not only invigorating and entertaining but is also a health-giving exercise for men, women and children. Tones up the whole body. Promotes slimness and grace without drugs or dieting. Readers say: "wonderful course." "Easy to learn." "Great accomplishment." Price 25 CENTS POSTPAID.

ELECTRIC MOTOR

5000 Revolutions per Minute

All parts necessary for

RUNS ON NO. 6 DRY BATTERY

10c

5c extra for postage

An Electric Motor for 10c. Sounds almost unbelievable but it is perfectly true. We send all parts packed in a neat box, with full instructions for assembling. Anyone can put it together in a few minutes. Takes but a few minutes. And ON BOY! Isn't it powerful! Runs on a No. 6 or similar dry battery. Will last years once about a minute to 30 minutes then by simply turning a thumb screw. Complete with instructions. Represents more than 10c; postage 5c extra.

ROCKET SHIPS!

Step into the future with a Rocket Ship of your own. Red and White Rocket and Flight Cannon, all in one. Shoots rockets 100 feet high. Rockets are safe and sure. Rocket planes, pocket cars or rocket boats. Complete plans and book from Rockets explorer about an hour to build from inexpensive materials obtainable at any hardware store. Complete blueprint with all parts and full instructions. Price 10c postpaid.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun and startling tricks. Be a

VENTRILO

A little instrument, fits in the mouth and is used with above for Ventriloquism. Anyone can use it. Never fails. A 64 page book on Ventriloquism, also together with the Ventrilo. All for only 25c postpaid.

JAPANESE ROSE BUSHES

The Wonder of the World

Japanese Rose Bushes bloom all the year round. Just think of it! Six weeks after planting the seed, the pants will be in bloom. Grow in pots or in the garden. Require no more attention than potatoes to be so. They will bloom every ten days. Remember or Winter, and when three years old the bush will be a mass of bloom. Flowers are double, and in a choice of three colors—white, pink, and red. Will grow in shade—white, pink, and red. Will grow in shade—white, pink, and red. Will grow in shade

SMITTY
By Destig
WORKING FOR A NEWSPAPER IS GREAT BUT--
-WHEN THEY HAVE A BABY CONTEST IT AINT SO HOT!
AND OF COURSE THEY HAD TO ELECT ME NURSE MAID
DA DA
AND HOW IS THE LITTLE MOTHER THIS MORNING?
AW
GOSH! IM SURE THERE WAS A BOX OF THUMB TACKS ON THE DESK!!
THERE! THAT'LL HOLD YOU FOR AWHILE!!
GOO
GOO GOO
DA DA
NO! NO! DONT DO THAT!!!
IM GOING GOOFY WITH ALL THESE KIDS! IVE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
GOO GOO GOO GOO
WHERE ARE ALL THE CHILDREN? WHERE'S MY SAMMY?
WHERE IS HE?
JUST A MINUTE, LADY! -SAMMY S-S-S-
HERE HE IS, LADY. NEXT?
DA DA
HERBY

Cooking the best stuff...

A LOS POLLOS HERMANOS SCAN

...in your neighborhood!